THRILLING ADVENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE!

MARVEL COMICS
PRESENTS

9th APRIL 1980 EVERY THURSDAY 12p

DOCTOR WHO WEEKLY

1ST GREAT NEW LOOK ISSUE!

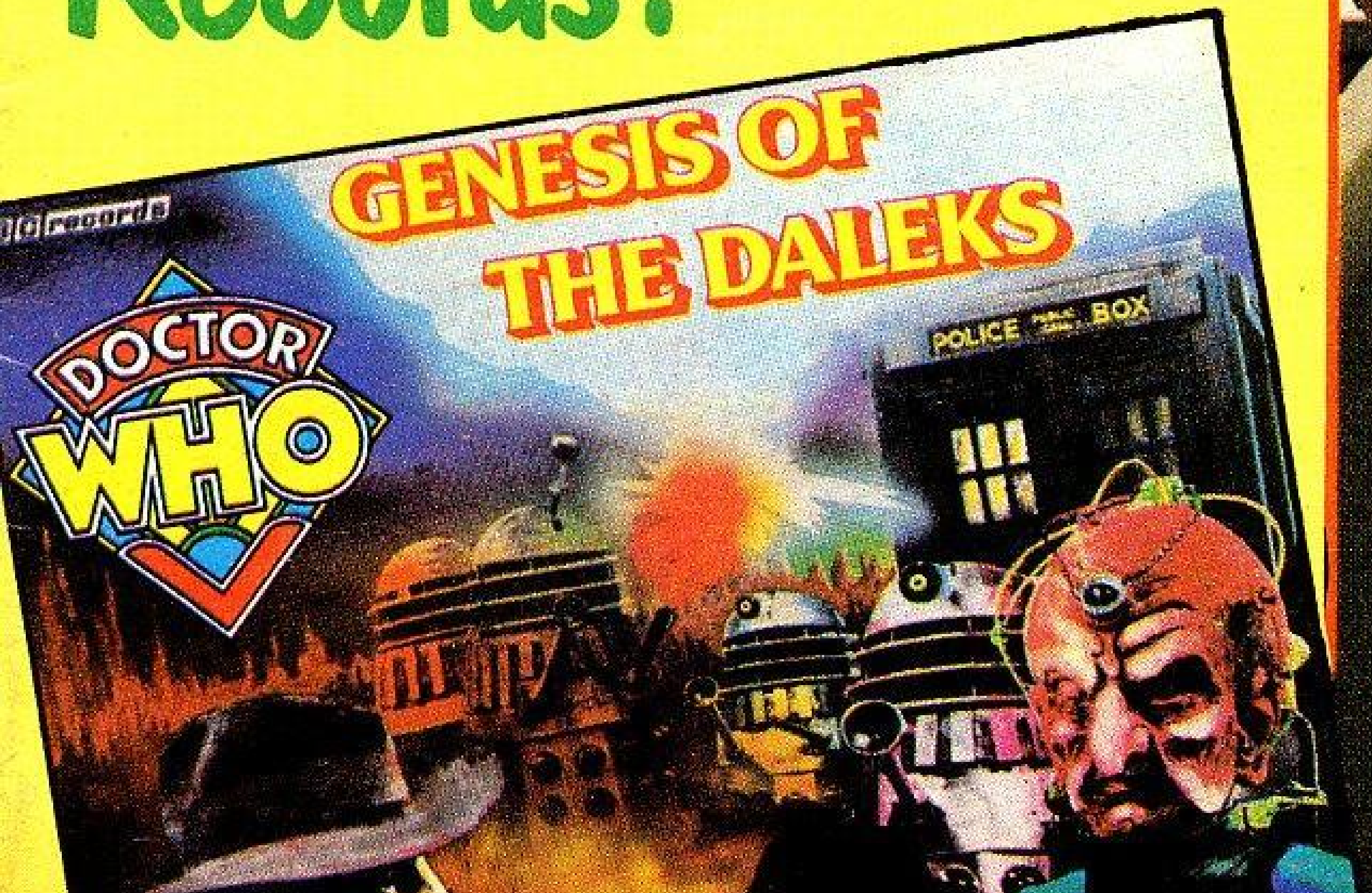
BONUS!

EXHIBITION
SPECIAL!
WIN A TRIP TO
BLACKPOOL!

TO BE WON!

100

Fantastic Dr Who
Records!


GENESIS OF
THE DALEKS
DOCTOR
WHO
POLICE PUBLIC BOX

Plus:

NEWS!
FEATURES! AND
PICTURE STRIPS!

OH, WELL, I'LL TRY ANYTHING ONCE..!

DOCTOR WHO WEEKLY

NUMBER 26

Welcome to the first splendid new-look issue of my weekly comic paper. It seems that the team have done us all proud. Why, in this very issue there is a special feature on the Dr Who Exhibitions at Blackpool and Longleat. And what's more the ten lucky winners in our super competition will each win free tickets to the exhibition. And while we're on the subject of competitions, why not take a stab at our wonderful Dr Who Record Competition. One hundred "Genesis of the Daleks" LPs to be won!

Also this week, we start a new column: "Doctor Who's Fantastic Facts", which I think you'll all find rather interesting.

Do write to tell me what you all think of the new-style paper. I'll look forward to hearing from you.

Happy times and places,

The Doctor

CONTENTS

STAR BEAST 3

THE FINAL EPISODE OF THIS GRIPPING ADVENTURE. WILL MEEP, THE MOST TERRIBLE OUTLAW IN THE GALAXY, GET HIS JUST DESERTS?

RECORD COMPETITION 7

100 "GENESIS OF THE DALEKS" RECORDS MUST BE WON!

EXHIBITION SPECIAL 8

AN INSIDE LOOK AT THIS YEARS' DR WHO EXHIBITION PLUS YOUR CHANCE TO WIN A COMPLIMENTARY TICKET TO THE SHOW AT EITHER BLACKPOOL OR LONGLEAT!

YOUR CHANCE TO JOIN U.N.I.T. 11

AT LAST! WE GIVE OUR READERS THE CHANCE TO HELP THE DOCTOR GUARD EARTH'S FRONTIERS AGAINST ALIEN ATTACK!

THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON 13

A CLASSIC ADVENTURE OF MAN'S FIRST ATTEMPTS TO SPAN THE VOID OF SPACE.

CRAZY CAPTION 17

ANOTHER PICTURE FROM THE SERIES THAT CRIES OUT FOR A ZANY, CRAZY CAPTION.

TWO TIMER 18

THE DOCTOR FINDS HIMSELF IN COURT, FACED WITH THE CHARGE OF PARKING IN AN ILLEGAL TIME ZONE!

FANTASTIC FACTS 21

IN WHICH THE DOCTOR PROVES THAT OFTEN FACTS ARE EVEN MORE AMAZING THAN FANTASY!

THE OUTSIDER 23

CAN SKRANT'S ARMY OF NEWLY-CLONED SONTARANS HOLD BACK THE HORDES FROM GARNETHE?

Another HaCsA Scan by Gothman

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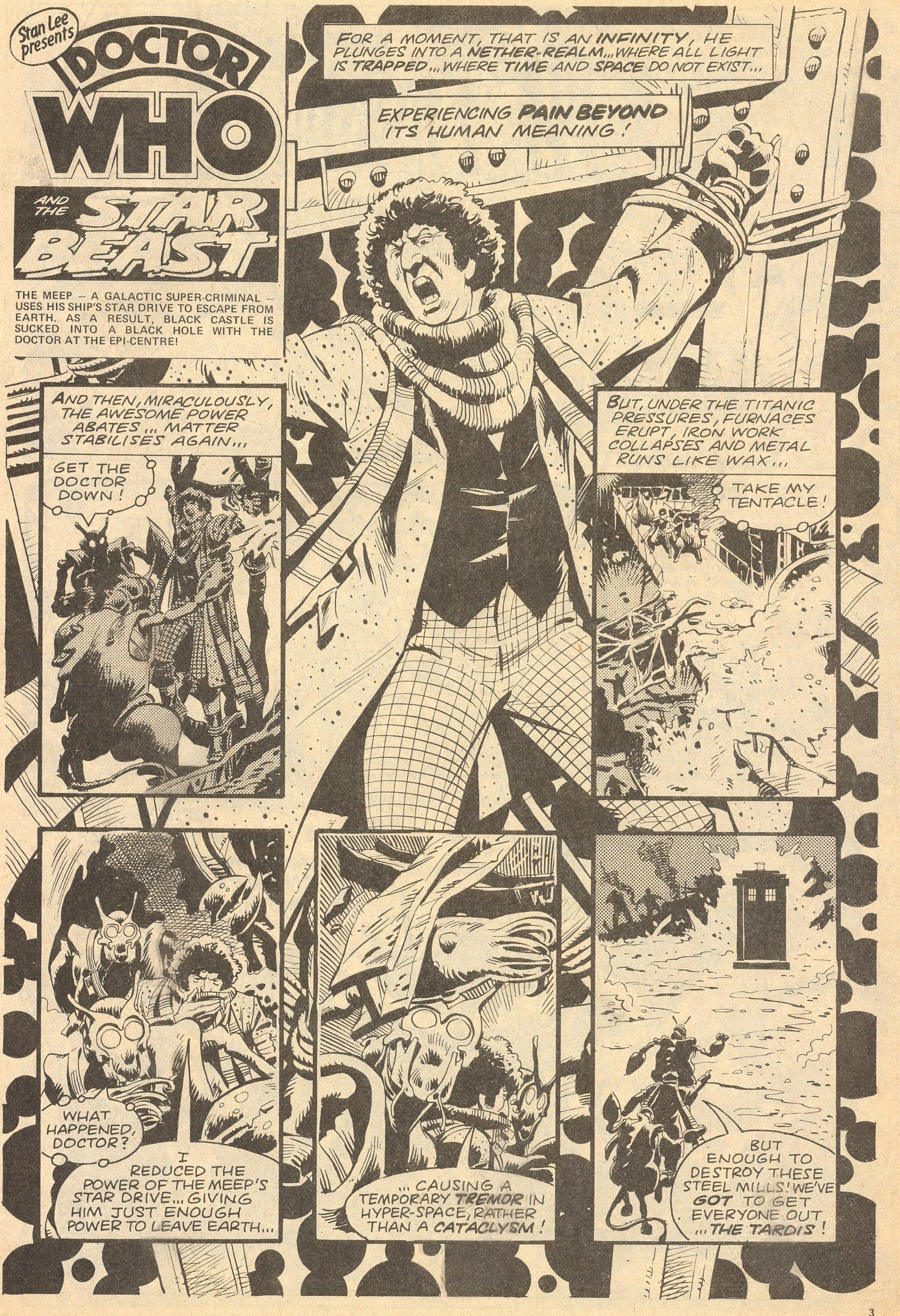
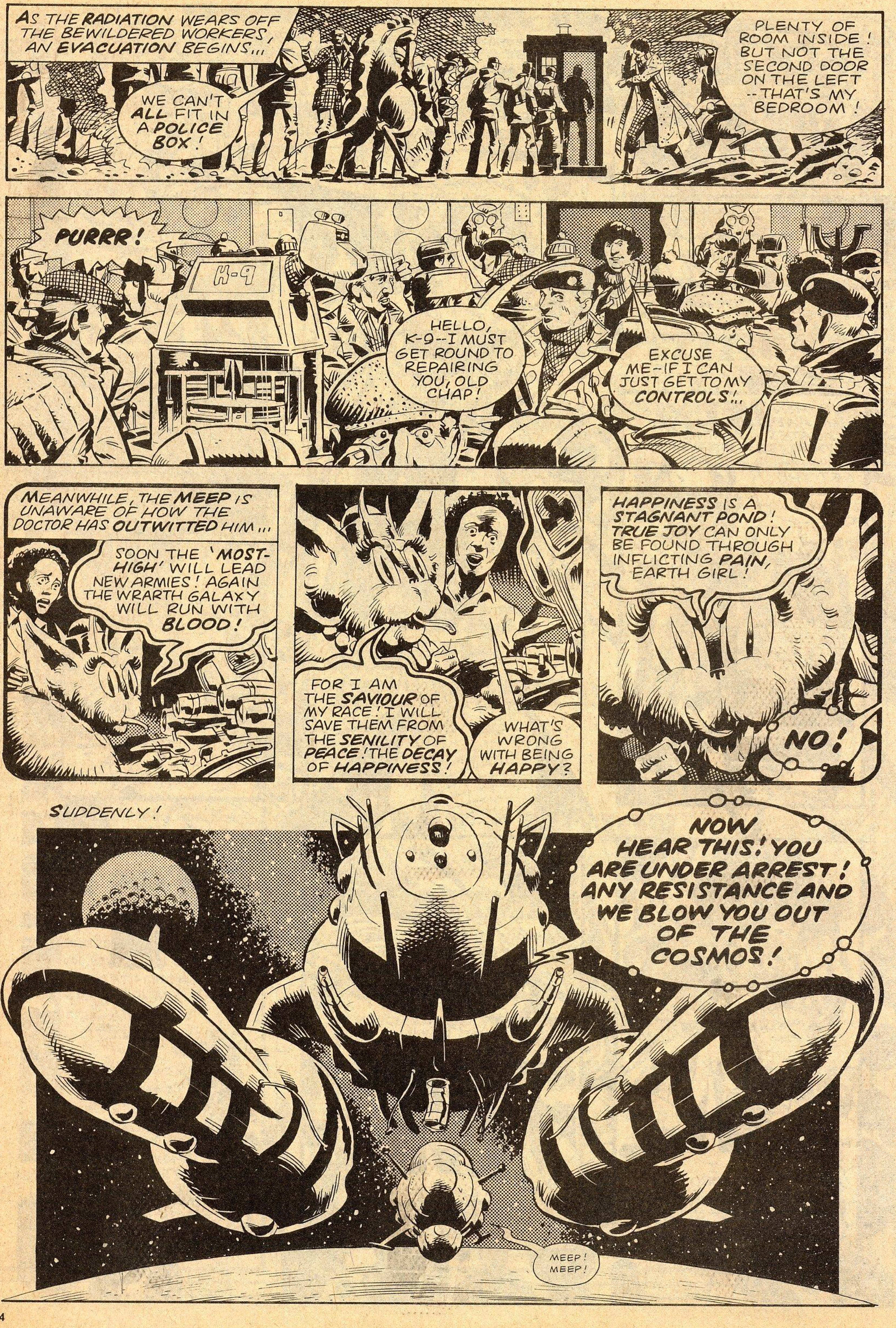
Stan Lee presents

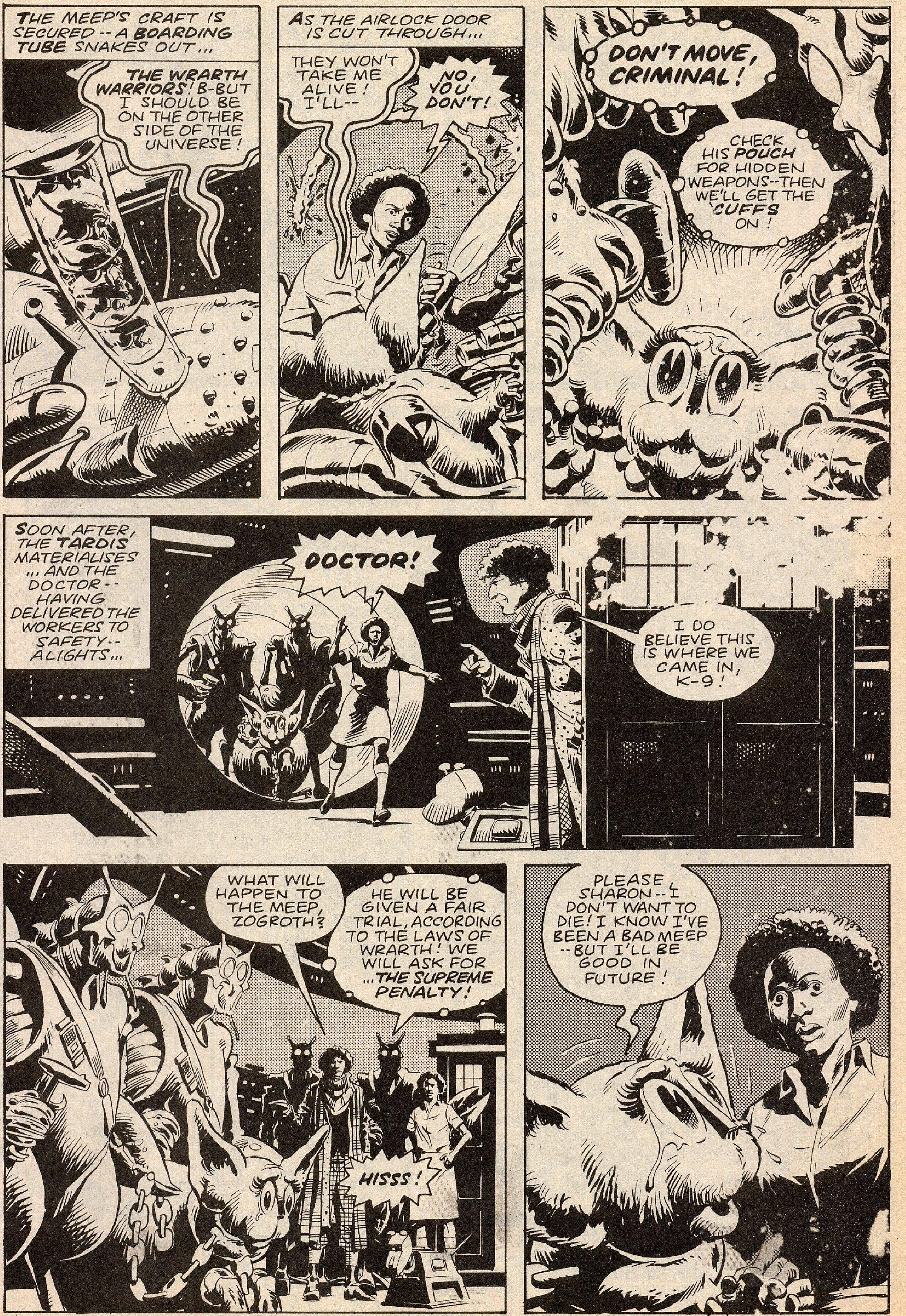
DOCTOR WHO

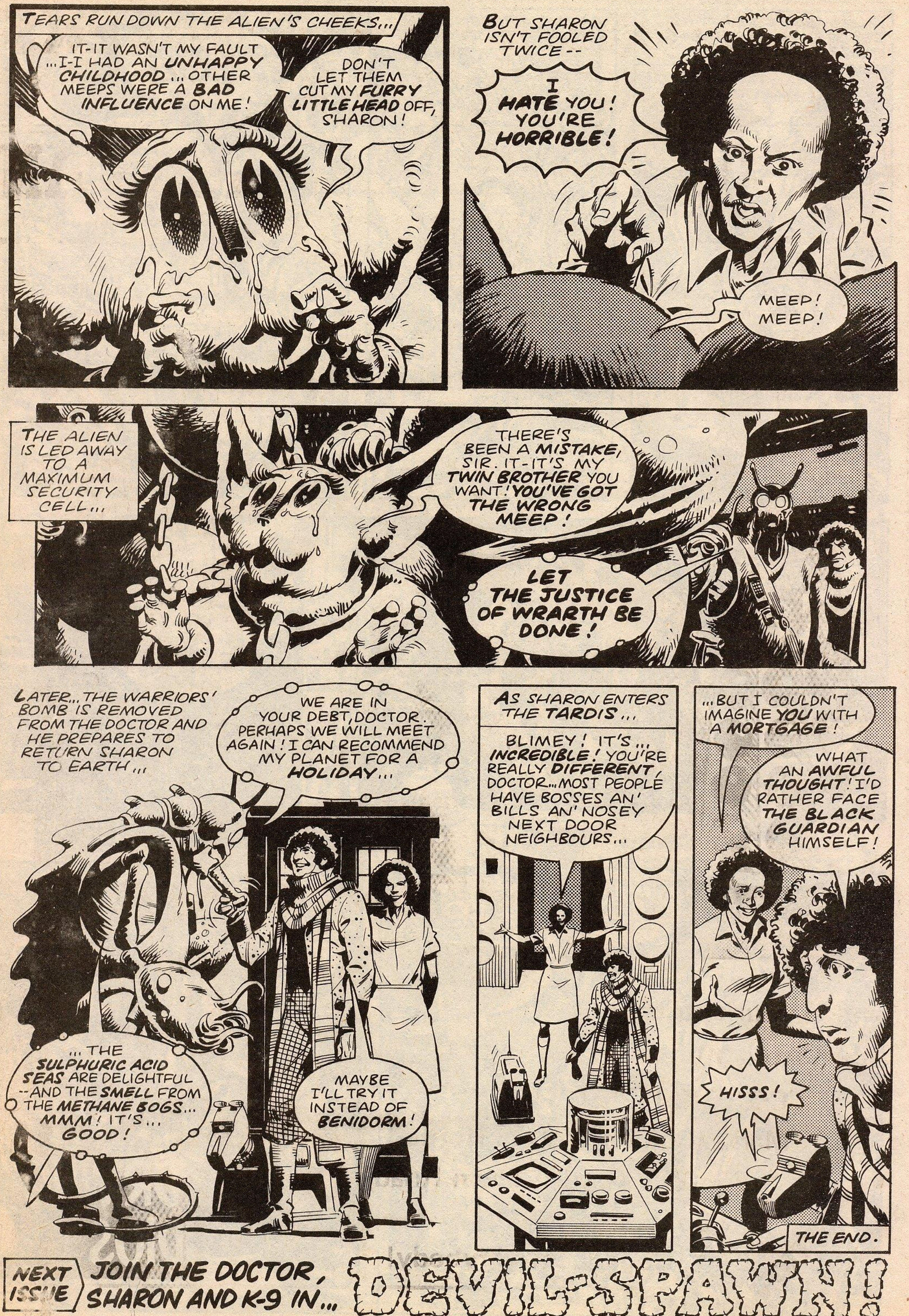
AND THE STAR BEAST

THE MEEP — A GALACTIC SUPER-CRIMINAL — USES HIS SHIP'S STAR DRIVE TO ESCAPE FROM EARTH. AS A RESULT, BLACK CASTLE IS SUCKED INTO A BLACK HOLE WITH THE DOCTOR AT THE EPI-CENTRE!


FOR A MOMENT, THAT IS AN **INFINITY**, HE PLUNGES INTO A **NETHER-REALM**... WHERE ALL LIGHT IS **TRAPPED**... WHERE **TIME** AND **SPACE** DO NOT EXIST...
EXPERIENCING **PAIN BEYOND** ITS HUMAN MEANING!
AND THEN, MIRACULOUSLY, THE AWESOME POWER ABATES... MATTER STABILISES AGAIN...
GET THE DOCTOR DOWN!
BUT, UNDER THE TITANIC PRESSURES, FURNACES ERUPT, IRON WORK COLLAPSES AND METAL RUNS LIKE WAX...
TAKE MY TENTACLE!
WHAT HAPPENED, DOCTOR?
I REDUCED THE POWER OF THE MEEP'S STAR DRIVE... GIVING HIM JUST ENOUGH POWER TO LEAVE EARTH...
...CAUSING A TEMPORARY **TREMOR** IN HYPER-SPACE, RATHER THAN A **CATACLYSM**!
BUT ENOUGH TO DESTROY THESE STEEL MILLS! WE'VE **GOT** TO GET EVERYONE OUT ...**THE TARDIS**!


AS THE RADIATION WEARS OFF THE BEWILDERED WORKERS, AN EVACUATION BEGINS...
WE CAN'T ALL FIT IN A POLICE BOX!
PLENTY OF ROOM INSIDE! BUT NOT THE SECOND DOOR ON THE LEFT --THAT'S MY BEDROOM!
PURRR!
K-9
HELLO, K-9--I MUST GET ROUND TO REPAIRING YOU, OLD CHAP!
EXCUSE ME--IF I CAN JUST GET TO MY CONTROLS!...
MEANWHILE, THE MEEP IS UNAWARE OF HOW THE DOCTOR HAS OUTWITTED HIM...
SOON THE 'MOST-HIGH' WILL LEAD NEW ARMIES! AGAIN THE WRARTH GALAXY WILL RUN WITH BLOOD!
FOR I AM THE SAVIOUR OF MY RACE! I WILL SAVE THEM FROM THE SENILITY OF PEACE! THE DECAY OF HAPPINESS!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH BEING HAPPY?
HAPPINESS IS A STAGNANT POND! TRUE JOY CAN ONLY BE FOUND THROUGH INFLICTING PAIN, EARTH GIRL!
NO!
SUDDENLY!
NOW HEAR THIS! YOU ARE UNDER ARREST! ANY RESISTANCE AND WE BLOW YOU OUT OF THE COSMOS!
MEEP! MEEP!


THE MEEP'S CRAFT IS SECURED -- A BOARDING TUBE SNAKES OUT...
THE WRARTH WARRIORS! B-BUT I SHOULD BE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE UNIVERSE!
AS THE AIRLOCK DOOR IS CUT THROUGH...
THEY WON'T TAKE ME ALIVE! I'LL--
NO, YOU DON'T!
DON'T MOVE, CRIMINAL!
CHECK HIS POUCH FOR HIDDEN WEAPONS--THEN WE'LL GET THE CUFFS ON!
SOON AFTER, THE TARDIS MATERIALISES ...AND THE DOCTOR -- HAVING DELIVERED THE WORKERS TO SAFETY -- ALIGHTS...
DOCTOR!
I DO BELIEVE THIS IS WHERE WE CAME IN, K-9!
WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THE MEEP, ZOGROTH?
HE WILL BE GIVEN A FAIR TRIAL, ACCORDING TO THE LAWS OF WRARTH! WE WILL ASK FOR ...THE SUPREME PENALTY!
HISSS!
PLEASE, SHARON -- I DON'T WANT TO DIE! I KNOW I'VE BEEN A BAD MEEP -- BUT I'LL BE GOOD IN FUTURE!


TEARS RUN DOWN THE ALIEN'S CHEEKS...
IT-IT WASN'T MY FAULT ...I-I HAD AN UNHAPPY CHILDHOOD ... OTHER MEEPS WERE A BAD INFLUENCE ON ME!
DON'T LET THEM CUT MY FURRY LITTLE HEAD OFF, SHARON!
BUT SHARON ISN'T FOOLED TWICE --
I HATE YOU! YOU'RE HORRIBLE!
MEEP! MEEP!
THE ALIEN IS LED AWAY TO A MAXIMUM SECURITY CELL...
THERE'S BEEN A MISTAKE, SIR. IT-IT'S MY TWIN BROTHER YOU WANT! YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG MEEP!
LET THE JUSTICE OF WRARTH BE DONE!
LATER... THE WARRIORS' BOMB IS REMOVED FROM THE DOCTOR AND HE PREPARES TO RETURN SHARON TO EARTH...
WE ARE IN YOUR DEBT, DOCTOR. PERHAPS WE WILL MEET AGAIN! I CAN RECOMMEND MY PLANET FOR A HOLIDAY...
... THE SULPHURIC ACID SEAS ARE DELIGHTFUL -- AND THE SMELL FROM THE METHANE BOGS... MMM! IT'S... GOOD!
MAYBE I'LL TRY IT INSTEAD OF BENIDORM!
AS SHARON ENTERS THE TARDIS...
BLIMEY! IT'S... INCREDIBLE! YOU'RE REALLY DIFFERENT, DOCTOR... MOST PEOPLE HAVE BOSSES AN' BILLS AN' NOSEY NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOURS...
...BUT I COULDN'T IMAGINE YOU WITH A MORTGAGE!
WHAT AN AWFUL THOUGHT! I'D RATHER FACE THE BLACK GUARDIAN HIMSELF!
HISSS!
THE END.

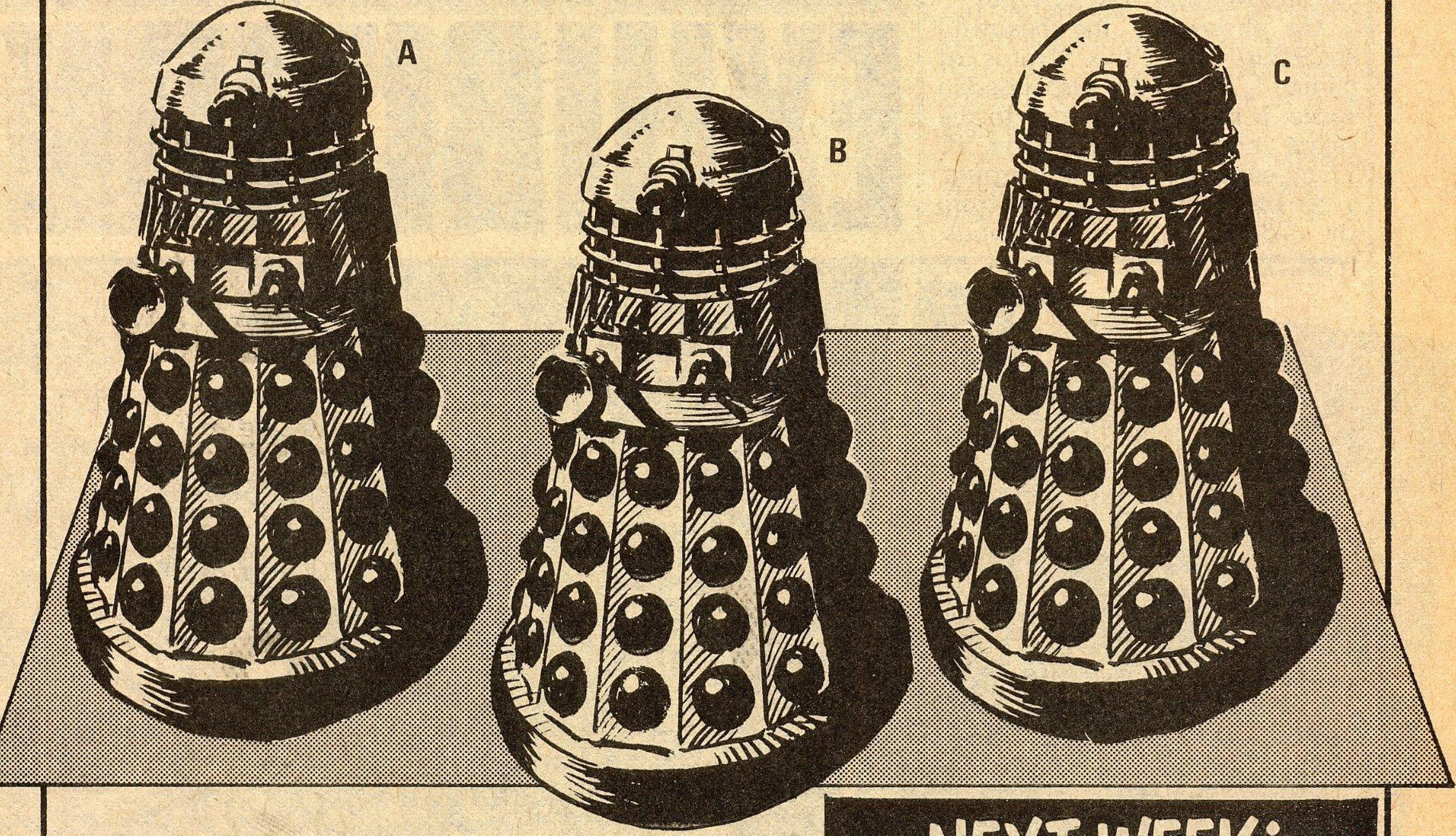
NEXT ISSUE JOIN THE DOCTOR, SHARON AND K-9 IN... **DEVIL-SPAWN!**

100 GENESIS OF THE DALEKS RECORDS to be won

ONE OF THESE DALEKS IS AN IMPOSTER!

. . . but it's up to you to tell us which one! And you could win one of 100 *Genesis of the Daleks* records. Hear for yourself the chilling tale of the Doctor's most dangerous mission . . . to find the Daleks and avert their creation forever! It's a thrilling, exciting adventure that could be yours!

Once you've discovered which Dalek is the imposter, simply write the answer down on a postcard with the number of differences you have spotted (not forgetting to include your entry coupon), and send them to us, with your full name, age and address.



Send in your entries, no later
than April 10th, to us at:
RECORD COMPETITION,
Marvel Comics, Jadwin House,
205-211 Kentish Town Road,
London NW5.
Good luck everybody!

ENTRY
COMPETITION
STAMP

NEXT WEEK: YOUR CHANCE TO WIN A TRIP TO THE DR.WHO STUDIOS

EXHIBITION

Who would suspect the terrors that lay within a very ordinary looking Police Box, parked innocently enough down a busy road in the seaside town of Blackpool? Local rumour had spread. A box, larger on the inside than out? Weird noises, monsters and aliens? A strange, eccentric man they called the Doctor? I decided to investigate. Cautiously opening the door, I entered, descended into the darkness, and lived to tell the tale . . .

Colourful neon lights flashed out from the darkness. Strange sounds pulsated from all sides . . . sounds from distant times and distant planets. I had entered the amazing world of **Dr Who!**

Up ahead lay the beautiful spaceship from the "Horns of Nimon". Peacefully suspended in space, it seemed oblivious to the sights and sounds around it. Then, suddenly without warning, a terrifying voice rang out from the darkness. Its ominous, metallic message was clear . . .

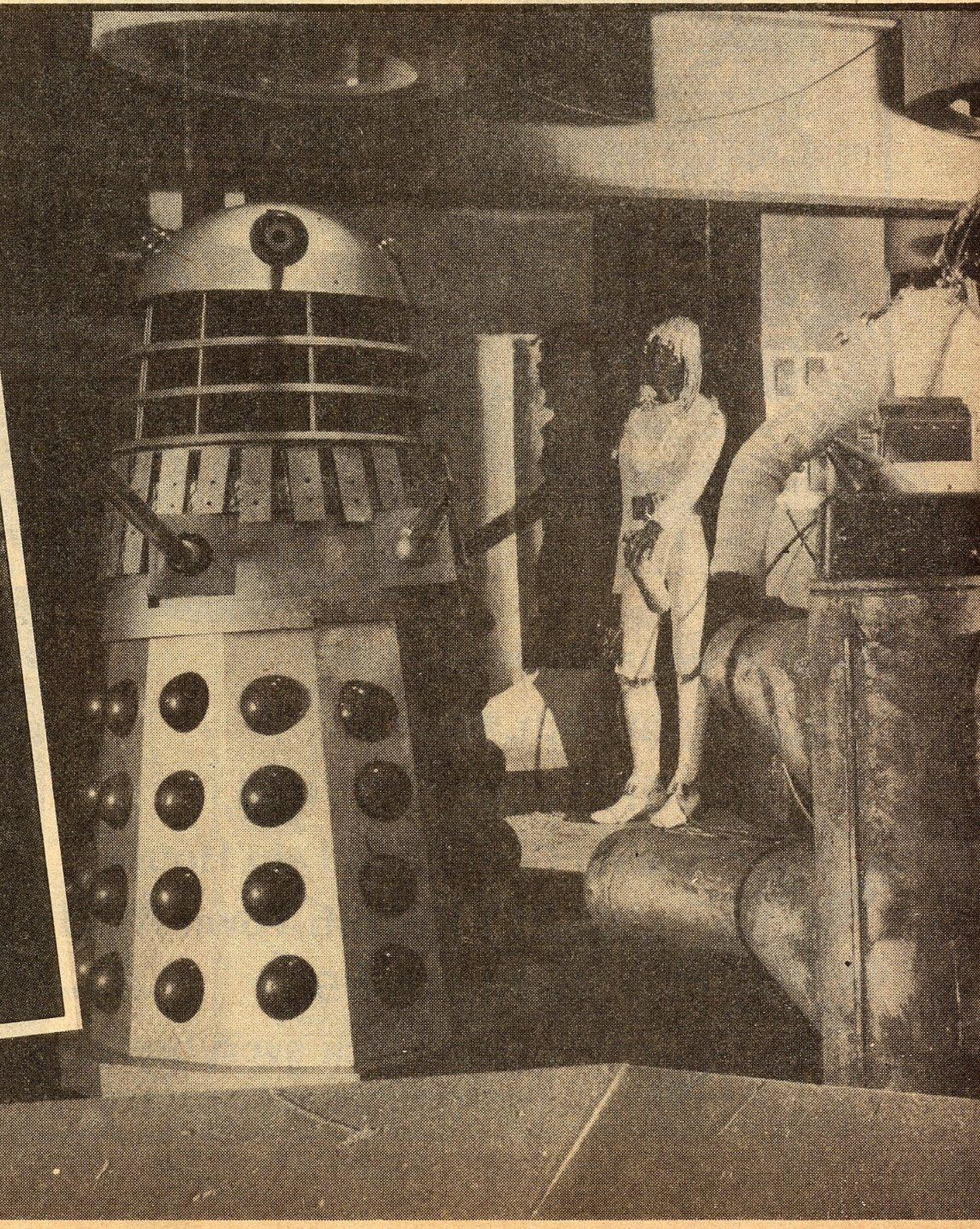
"Stop — do not move . . . The Daleks welcome you to this BBC Enterprises Exhibition, based upon the travels and adventures of our greatest enemy, the Time Lord known as the Doctor. The creatures you see are from the furthest reaches of the Universe and many are dangerous . . . do not get too close . . ."

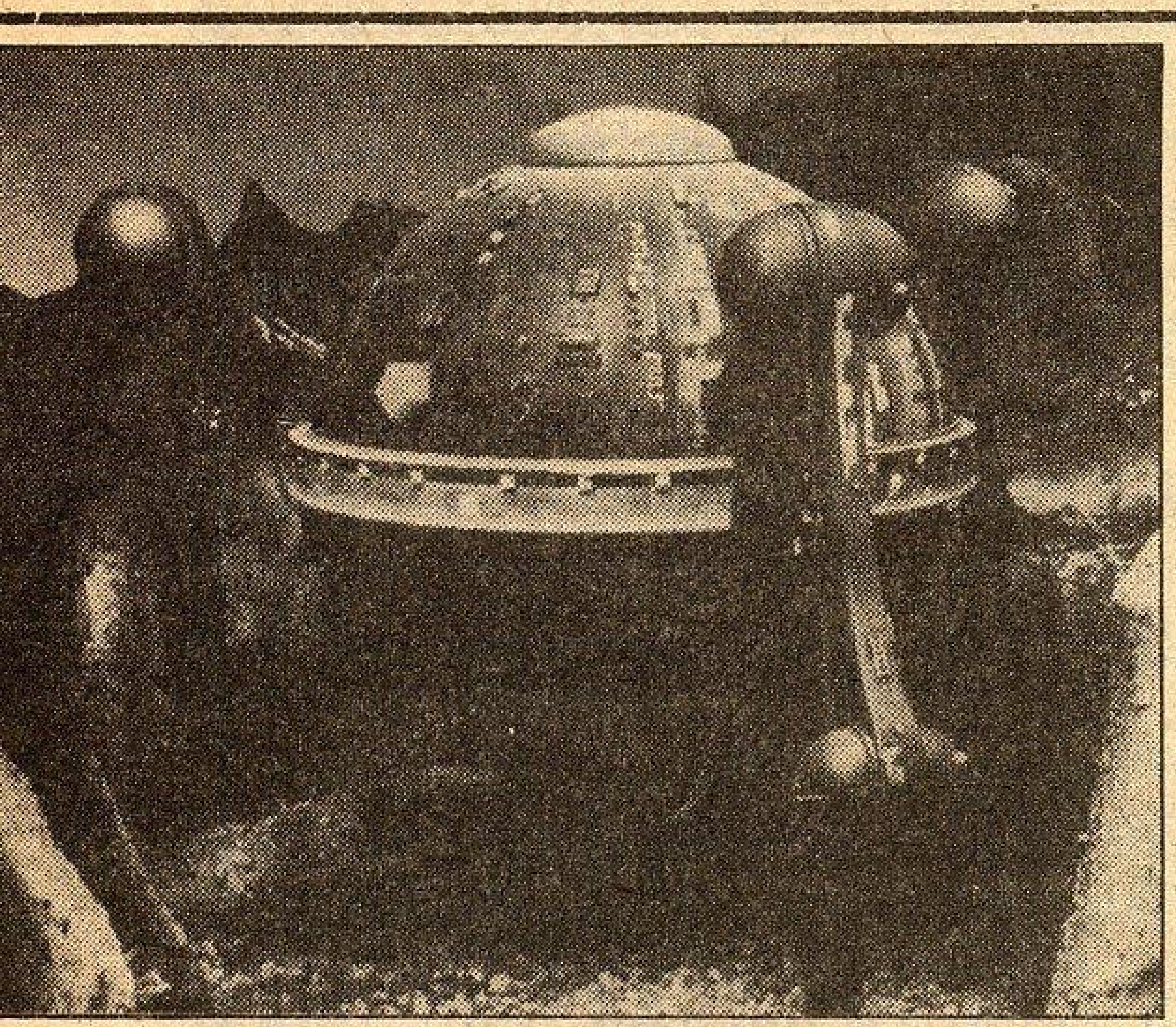
I swung round to face a gruesome sight. The Creature from the Pit lay a few feet away from me. A ghastly green light shone from its hideous, pulsating body. It lurked in the corner, ready to pounce and devour any traveller who might venture too close. And there, beside it, stood the evil calculating Lady Adrasta — dark, beautiful and deadly.

I decided to tread very carefully indeed. Danger, it seemed, was everywhere!

Yes, I was right — up ahead, waiting within the murky, jungle undergrowth of the planet Eden lay the Mandrels. Huge hairy monsters who watched me with large, luminous, orange eyes as I quietly crept past. Would the Mandrels suddenly roar out their outrage and attack?

All was not lost. From out of the leafy foliage of Eden, came a friendly voice. It was K-9! Suddenly swirling into view, the little dog bid me welcome . . . and was gone . . . busy fighting a





Above: *A spaceship from the Dr Who adventure "City of Death".* **Below:** *Daleks, Movellans and Davros himself, in a scene from "Destiny of the Daleks".* **Below left:** *The terrifying creatures from Eden, the deadly Mandrels.* **Below right:** *Lady Adrasta stands alongside the Creature from the Pit.*

SPECIAL

An inside report on this year's BBC Dr Who Exhibition.

whole host of hostile horrors! But the Doctor's robot dog was at hand if I should need him, and reassured, I continued my journey into the world of **Dr Who**.

The next creature I was destined to encounter was that master of disguise, Scaroth of Jagaroth. He sat waiting within his spaceship — his true, ghastly features plain for all to see. Not a face as we know it, but a writhing mass of agony!

I shuddered, and turning, saw the end of my journey. The central console of the TARDIS itself!

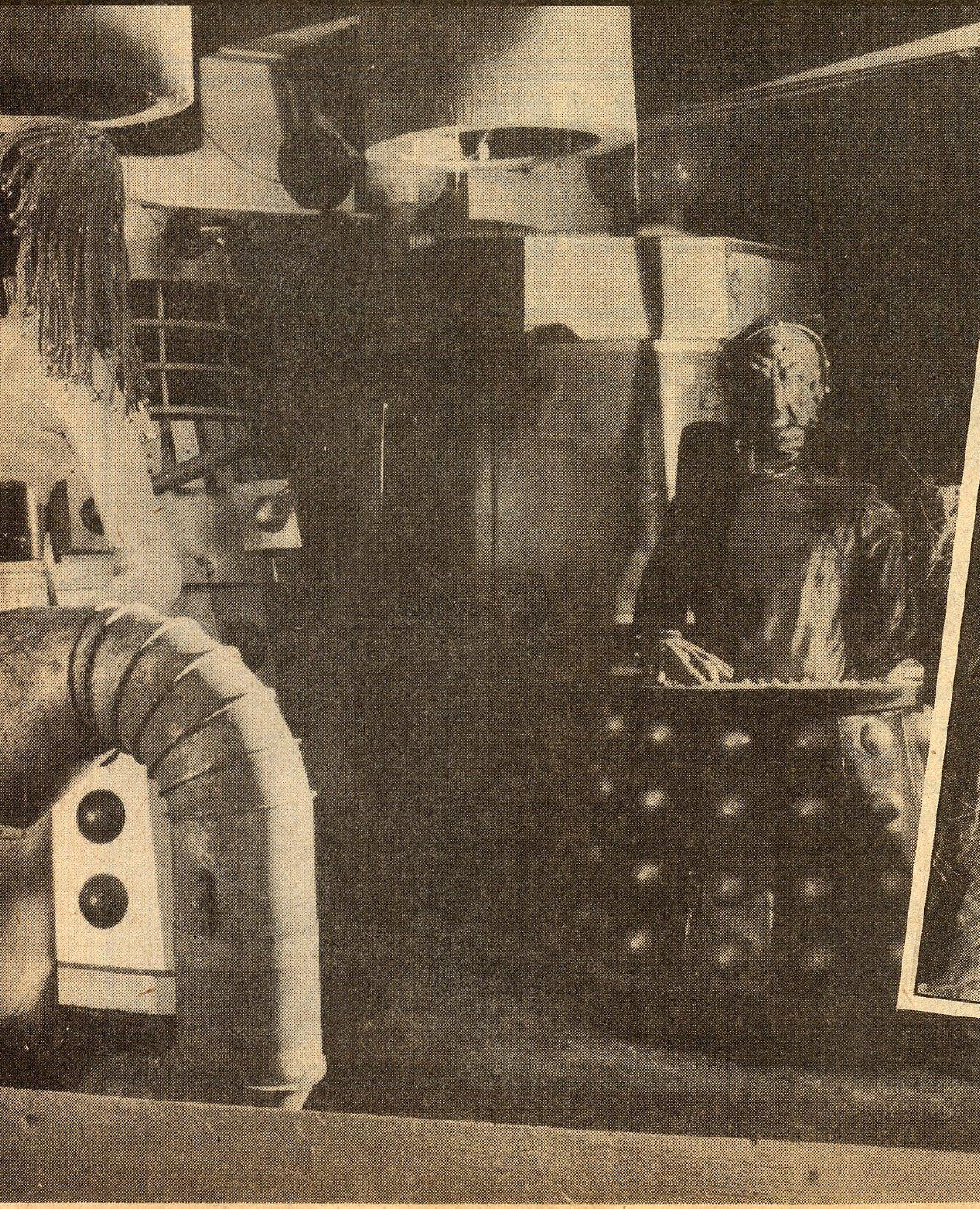
A Dalek guarded the entrance. Was it possible to get past? What would I find on the other side of those futuristic metal doors. Extermination didn't frighten me — well, not much. Undeterred, I pushed past the deadly metallic mutant. I was there, within the Doctor's very own time machine. But I was not alone . . .

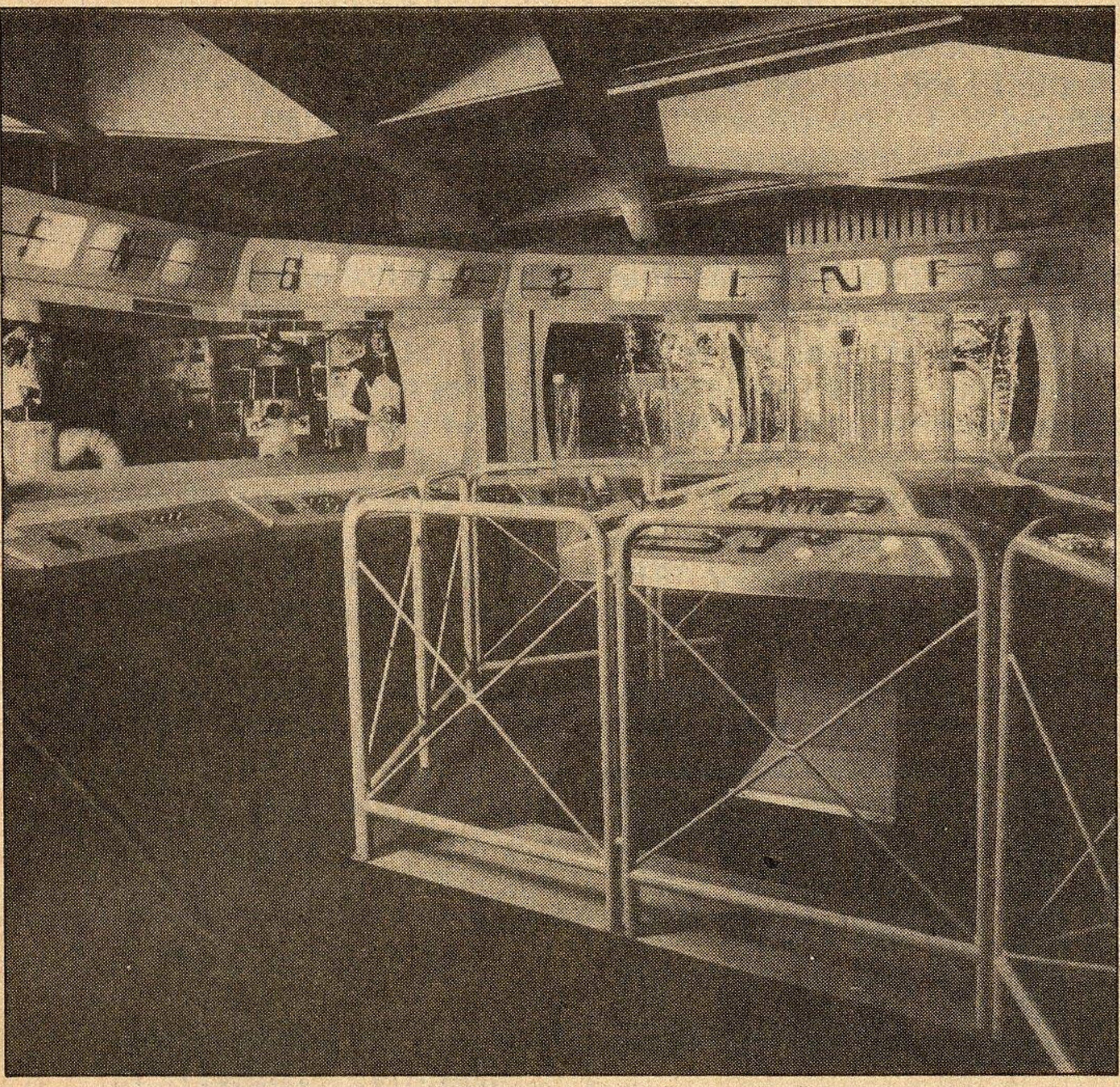
From every corner of every galaxy, the Doctor's deadliest enemies had come to take a close look at some of the Time Lord's friends. Eyes watched from every side. One of the Robots of Death; Cybermen; Sea-Devils; Silurians; Sorak and Soldeed, Movellans and Zygons!

Trying not to notice them, I concentrated on the vast array of technical equipment that spread out before me. Pretty advanced technological gear, but being a dab hand at button pushing, I thought I'd try my luck at time travel.

"State who you are?" I swung around to find myself face to face with yet another Dalek.

"Identify. IDENTIFY!" it





The central console of the TARDIS, surrounded by the terrifying creatures of the **Dr Who** *series*

screamed out impatiently. Before the furious Dalek blew a fuse, two more came to its aid — and I knew the game was up. Best get out . . . quick!

Davros, the wizened, mutant creator of this power-crazy group of aliens, watched as I made a quick exit!

The adventure was not quite over. A few items, of particular interest to novice Time Lords such as myself, were on show. The moving transparent brain of the Doctor's greatest foe — the Daleks! Not to mention a very formidable, deadly collection of alien weapons.

And there, at the very end of my journey . . . the opportunity to purchase a souvenir of my visit. Pencils; pens; pendants; badges; postcards; puzzles; **Dr Who** scarves; records . . . a whole range of Time Lord goodies!

Do you dare to journey into the fantastic, alien world of **Dr Who**? The Exhibition can be experienced at either Blackpool or Longleat from Easter until October. Good luck!

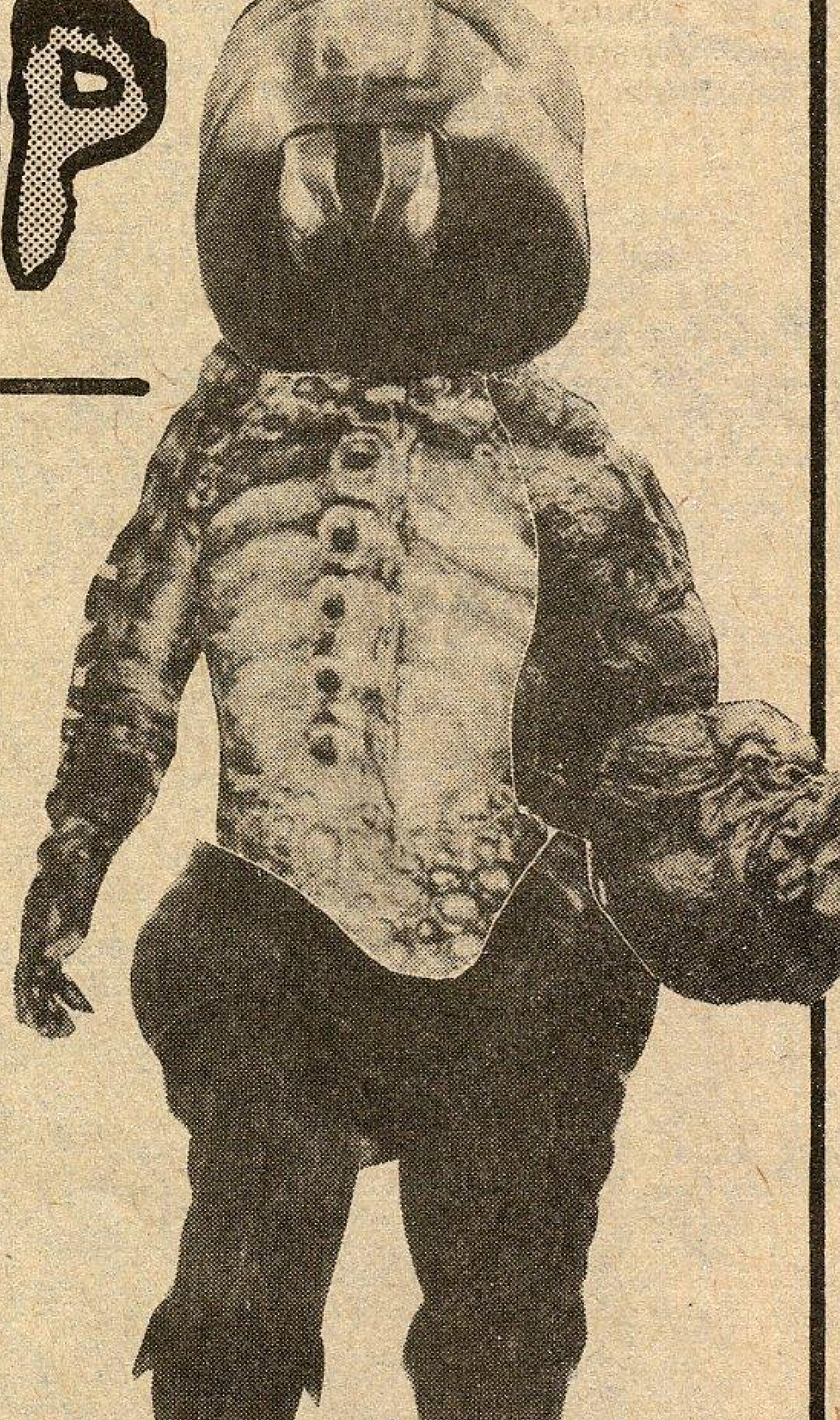
MONSTER MIX-UP

COMPETITION

10 EXHIBITION TICKETS TO BE WON

A galactic explosion has ripped through the universe and jumbled up some of the Doctor's most dangerous foes! Can you name the four monsters who make up the creature on this page? Here's a clue: all four have appeared in **Dr Who Weekly** — so faithful readers should have little trouble. The 20 lucky winners will recieve a complementary ticket to the **Dr Who** Exhibition at either Blackpool or Longleat! Once you've discovered the identity of our four jumbled monsters, write them on a postcard with your choice of Exhibition, (not forgetting to include your entry coupon) and send them, with your full name, age and address, no later than April 10th, to us at:

MONSTER MIX-UP,
Marvel Comics, Jadwin House,
205-211 Kentish Town Road,
London NW5.



COMPETITION ENTRY STAMP

CRET....TOP SECRET....TOP SECRET....TOP SECRET....TOP SECRET....TOP SECRET....TOP SECRET.

UNIT CLUB PAGE

We are not alone in the Universe. Earth is under constant threat from alien attack! UNIT, the organisation set up to investigate extraterrestial forces, desperately needs **your** help! We must be prepared. UNIT members are needed throughout the country to keep a constant watch for anything mysterious, so that HQ can be immediately alerted to an attack from the stars. UNIT is a Top Secret organisation and membership must be restricted to **Dr Who Weekly** readers. All brave volunteers will be issued with a UNIT identity card and a code book.

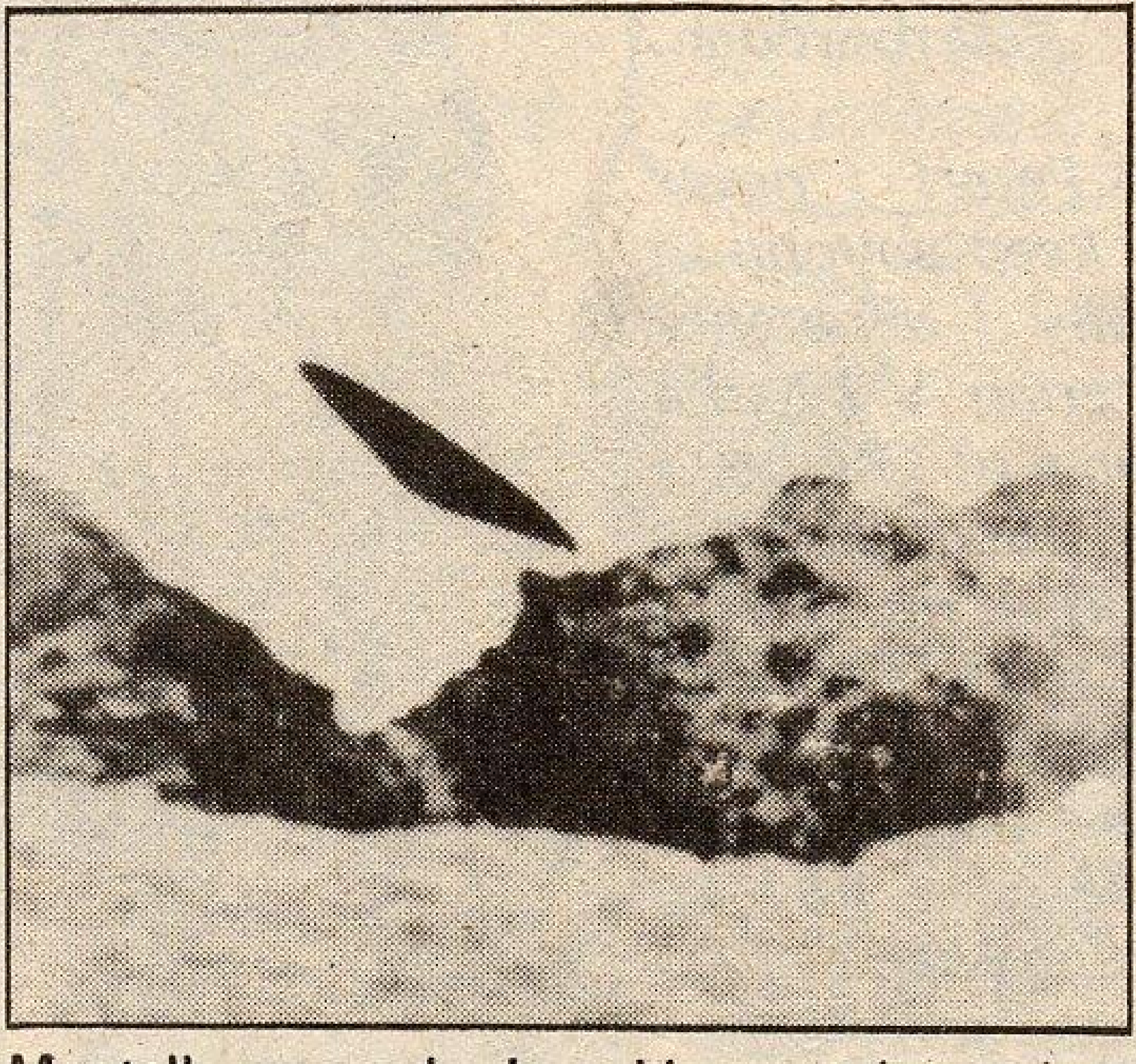
Members watch this space! Every week the UNIT Club Page will have coded messages, reports of UFO sightings and a Top Secret File on all UNIT's deadliest enemies. Cut the files out and keep them in a safe place — they must not fall into the wrong hands . . .

Unit membership is free — so join immediately. Together with the Brigadier and UNIT's scientific advisor, code name — the Doctor — we shall fight the alien threat!

SKY-WATCH!

Dateline: 7th January, 1948.
Subject: First reliable documentation of UFO sighting.
Witness: Capt Thomas Mantell, US Air Force.
Location: Godman Field Air Force Base.

It was in the late afternoon that the first alarm came through from the State Police at Fort Knox. A huge gleaming object had been seen in the sky, heading for Godman Field. The USAF duty officer gave the order for an emergency scramble and within seconds three P-51 fighters were in the air. As the planes climbed, the "thing" broke cloud cover and was plainly seen by those on the ground. The three aircrafts began to head towards the object but the flight commander, Captain Mantell, left his two wing men behind. Mantell stayed in radio touch with the control tower, feeding descriptions of what he saw as he followed the strange craft. Then the radio messages stopped. Two hours later searchers found the wreckage of the plane — thousands of pieces of metal, none any larger than a tennis ball. What had killed Mantell? What had disintegrated his plane? Even the authorities couldn't agree. At first they said Mantell was chasing Venus, then they decided the object had been a weather balloon. Both stories seem unlikely.



Mantell's case was the first of many. Thousands of ordinary people report UFOs every year. We think that the time has come for UNIT to be interested in these reports. We want to hear from UNIT members who see *anything* strange in the skies. If pictures are available — so much the better. We think there might be more to UFOs than meets the eye. And it's up to you to help us prove it.

HOW TO JOIN!

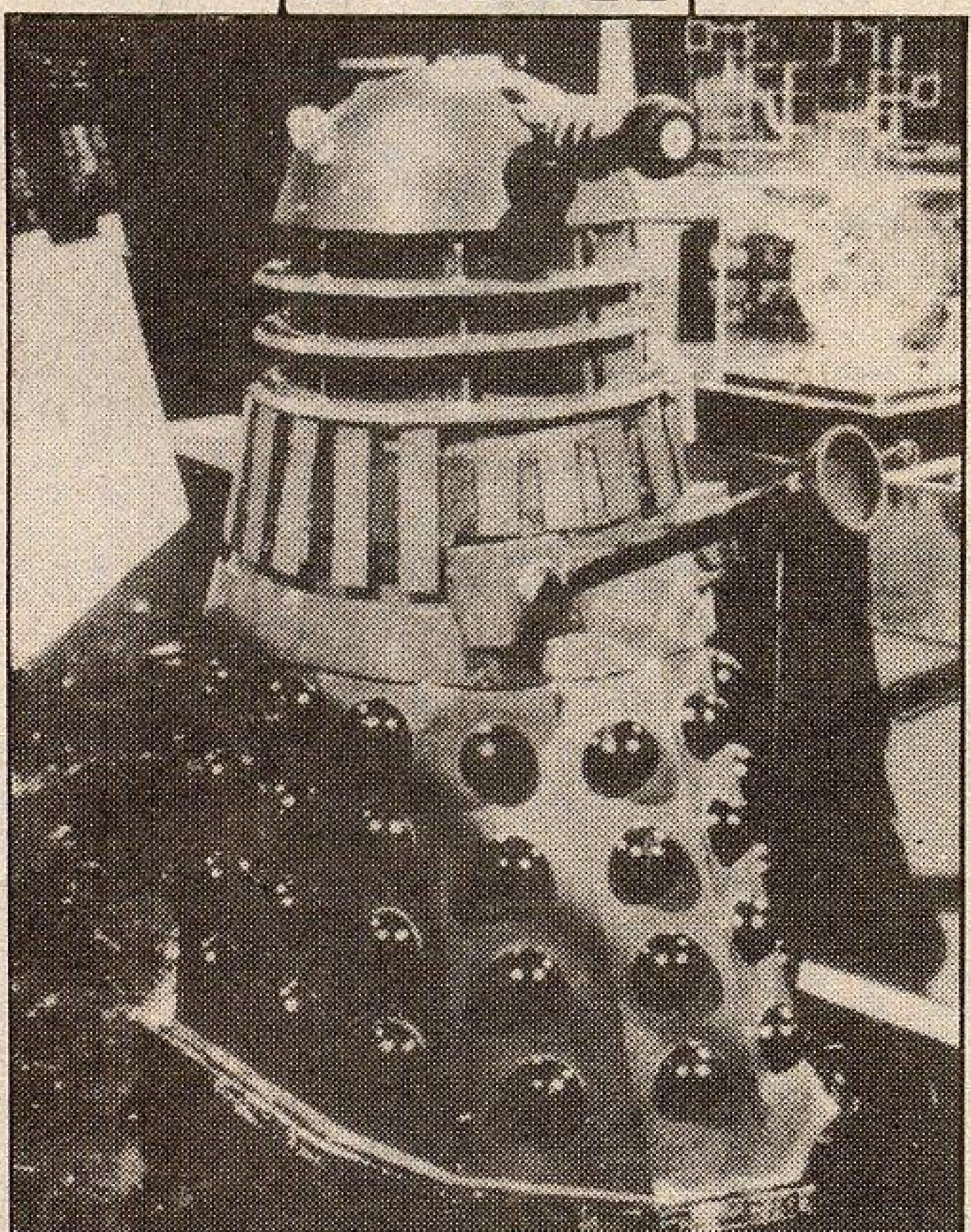
It's simple! Just save two membership coupons and then send them to us, with a stamped, addressed envelope to:

Marvel Comics, Jadwin House,
205-211 Kentish Town Road,
London NW5.

MEMBERSHIP

COUPON NO.1

DALEK



KNOW YOUR ENEMY No.1

SUBJECT: The Daleks
PLANET OF ORIGIN: Skaro
WEAPONARY: Ruby Ray Blasters attached to the Dalek armoured casings

SOCIAL STRUCTURE: Colour denotes responsibility —
Dalek Warriors . . . silver
Space Fleet Commander . . . red
Supreme Councellors . . . gold
Dalek Supreme . . . black

HISTORY: Intelligence reports suggest that the Daleks, with their dangerous weaponry, mechanical arms and telescopic eye pieces, are simply armoured casings for the mutant victims of war. A war which laid waste the planet of Skaro and destroyed the entire Thal race. Along with their evil creator, Davros, the Daleks bulldozered their way across the universe.

UNIT fought against the Daleks in 1972. Attack was successfully repelled, but we have no way of fortelling the next attack. UNIT's scientific advisor — code name — the Doctor, urges all UNIT members to report any Dalek sightings immediately.

CRET....TOP SECRET....TOP SECRET....TOP SECRET....TOP SECRET....TOP SECRET....TOP SECRET

WHO CARES!

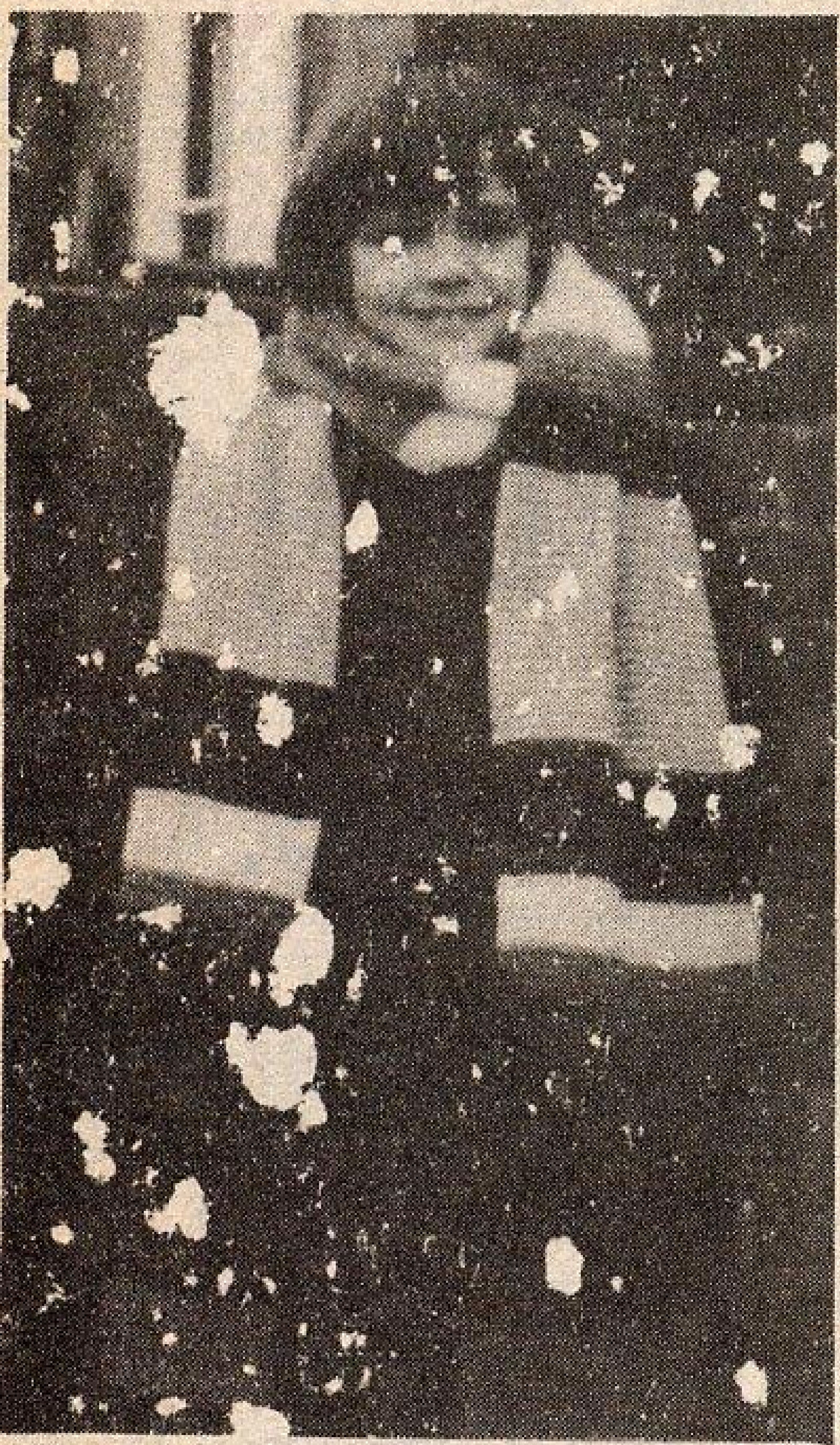
Once more, we have a huge batch of your letters — and photos — to print so let's get straight into them . . .

Dear Doctor,

I think your comic is great! I have never collected a comic before, but **Dr Who Weekly** is worth every penny.

Why don't you have a feature and a story about the Autons — they are my favourite monsters.

David iglase,
Staffordshire.



Reader Wayne Mansi from Palmers Green.

Dear **Dr Who Weekly**,

Congratulations on your fantastic magazine. The artwork on 'Timeslip' was excellent, and your Crazy Caption competition is out of this world!

Please include Romana in the comic strips.

Please don't stop the magnificent work.

Jonathan Hextall,
Nuneaton.

Dear Doctor,

We have heard a lot about your enemies and companions, but as for your parents, brothers, sisters, pets, uncles and aunts, we have been kept in the dark. Who are they? What is your full name? What sort of music do you like? Do you like the Daleks and Cybermen?

Peter Leonard,
Peterborough.

My dear Peter! I never intended to keep anyone in the dark! Why I remember back on Alterian V I had a little pet, name of Chelb — I must tell you about him one day. What sort of music do I like? Oh, all sorts, I remember a lovely piece that a Ganymedean Slime mold played to me once, now he was a charming chap . . . Do I like Daleks and Cybermen? Well they're not as bad as people make out, although they do have some rather nasty habits. Now I remember a decent Cyberman I met once, name of Kroton . . .

Reader David Medhurst from East Grinstead.

Dear Doctor,

I love your fab comic, I like the tv programme as well. I have got all the **Dr Who** models like the Doctor himself, Leela, K-9, a Cyberman, a Dalek and the TARDIS.

Wouldn't it be great if they could bring out a monster model like the Ice Warriors, or the Sontarans?

Craig Pratt,
Durham.

Marvellous idea Craig, but things might get a bit sticky if the Ice Warriors were mass-produced!

Reader Harry Srub from Hants.

Dear **Dr Who Weekly**,

I have just put down the latest issue of **Dr Who**. What can I say? The issue was fantastic! I was particularly impressed with the Silurians strip — I always wondered exactly how they came about!

The **Dr Who** strip is as good as usual — gosh — I really got a shock finding out that the Meep is in fact a villain!

Keep up the good work.

Steven Phillips,
Oxford.

Dear Doctor,

I have got every **Dr Who** comic since it first came out.

I especially liked the "Dalek Slayer," "Soul of a Cyberman" and "Return of the Daleks".

The drawings are great thanks to Dave Gibbons, I must congratulate you for such a good comic.

Russell Sharmen,
Oxfordshire.

Dear Doctor,

I think your magazine is just great. How about a story of yourself facing the Daleks and the deadly Cybermen? I would also like to see more of Romana and K-9 in your future adventures.

David Grover,
Surrey.

Dear Doctor,

Why don't you have your own **Dr Who Weekly** club giving news and views on all the latest **Dr Who** info.

Brendan McHugh,
Cricklewood.

Good idea having a club, Brendan. That's why I got the chaps at Marvel to arrange for you all to be able to join U.N.I.T. And if it's news and views you're after — look out for our special news page, The Gallifreyan Guardian.

Reader Stephen Henry from Liverpool.

Who Cares!
Doctor Who Weekly,
Marvel Comics,
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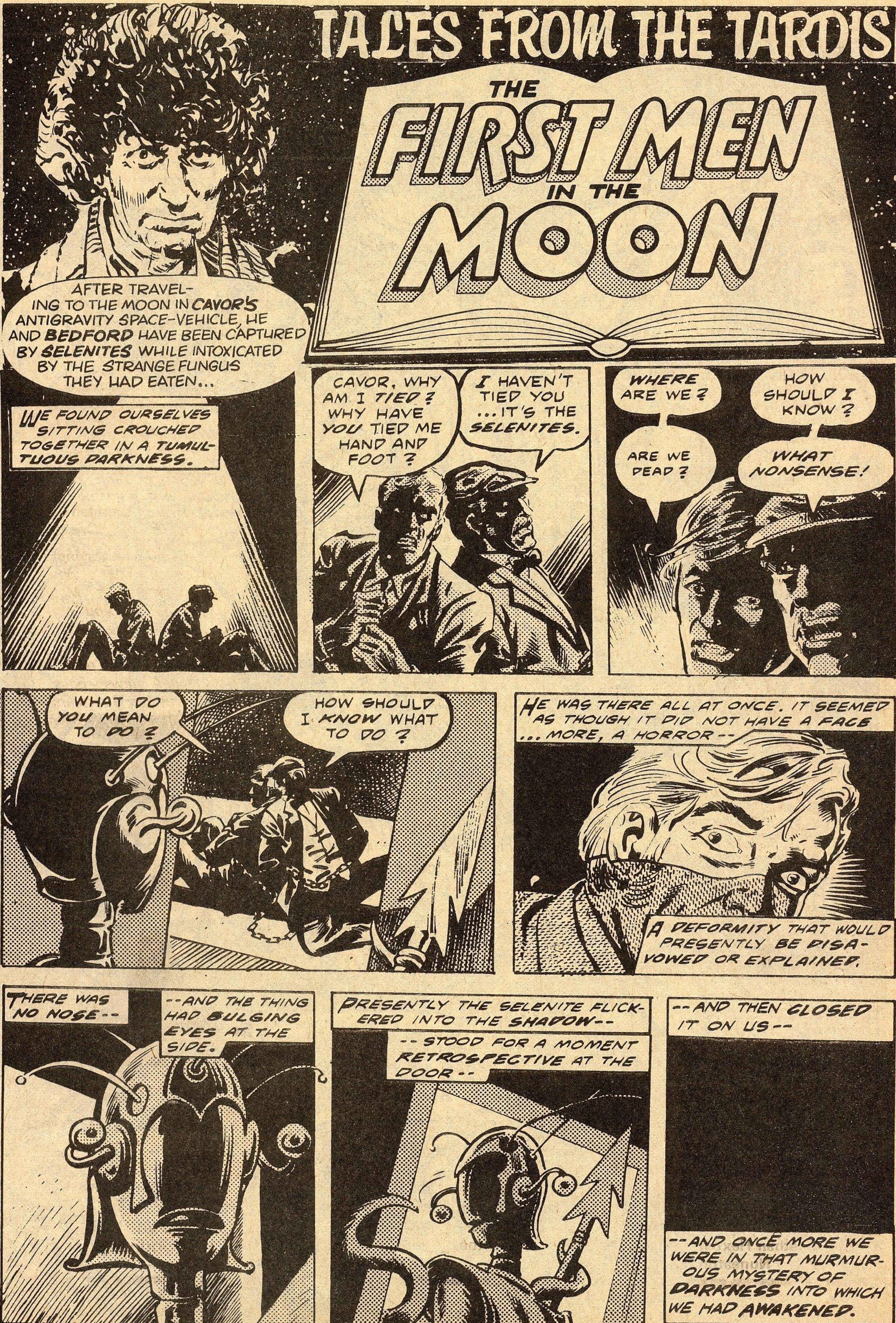
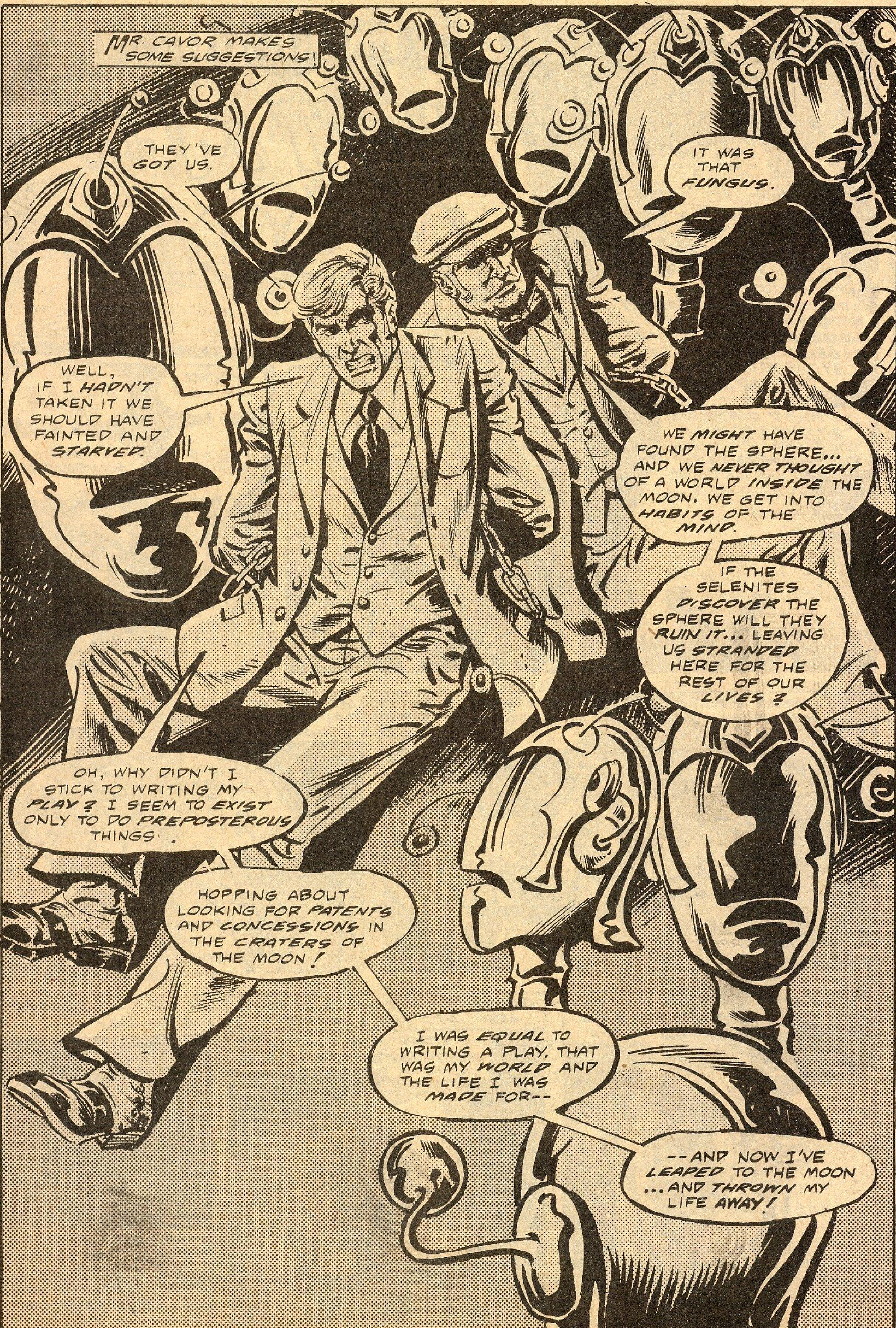
Town Road,
London NW5.

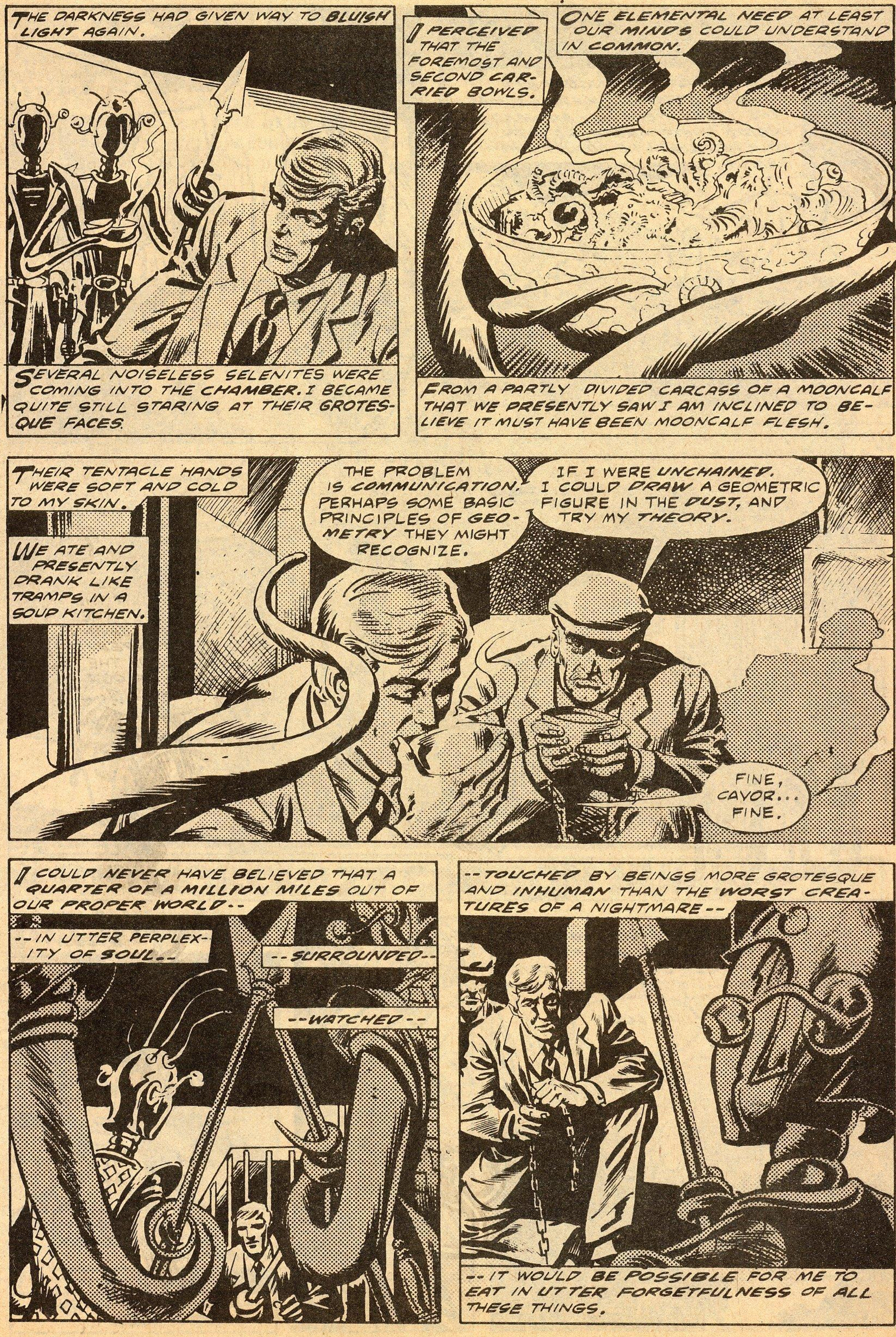
TALES FROM THE TARDIS

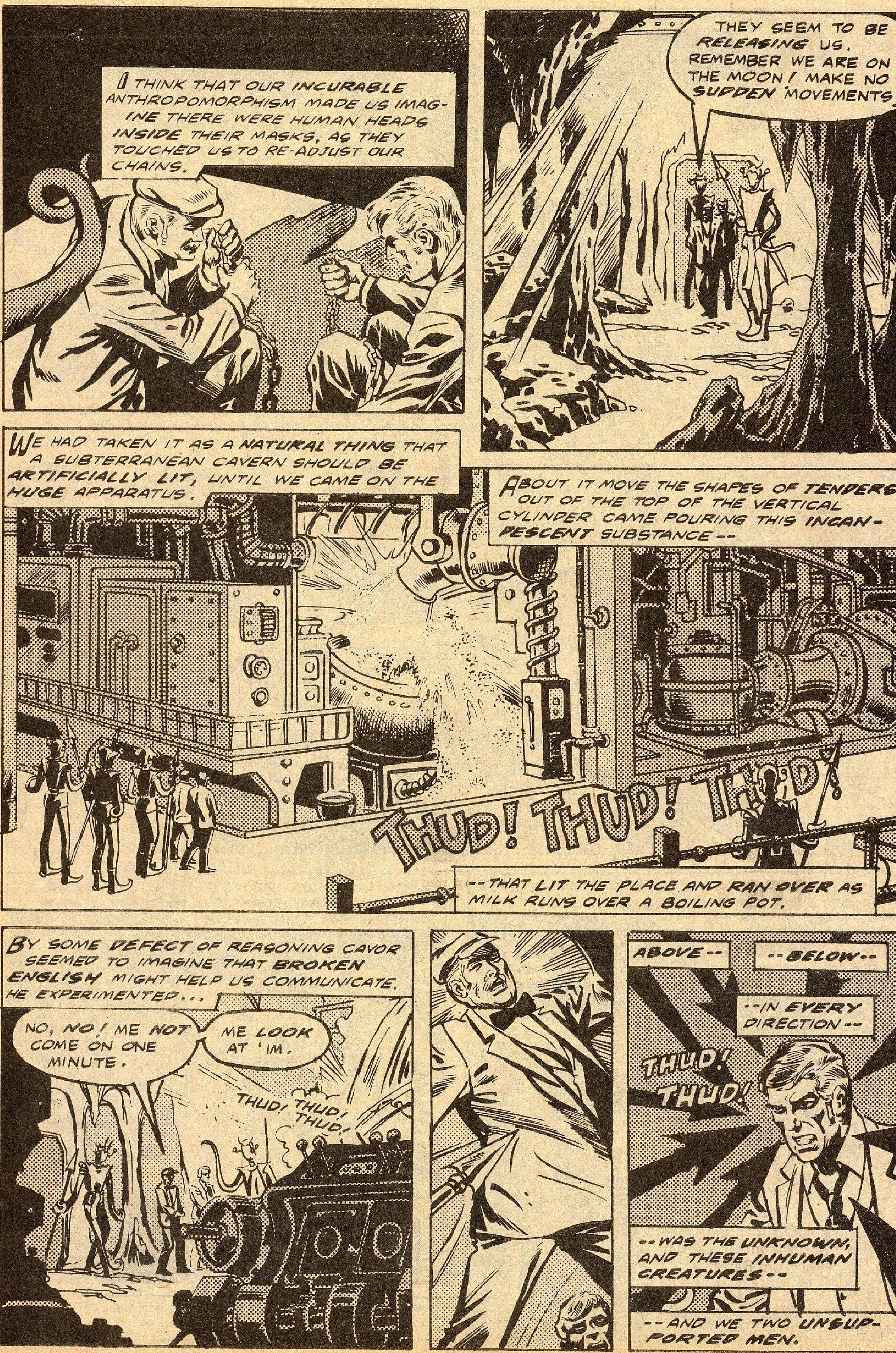
THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON


AFTER TRAVELING TO THE MOON IN CAVOR'S ANTIGRAVITY SPACE-VEHICLE, HE AND BEDFORD HAVE BEEN CAPTURED BY SELENITES WHILE INTOXICATED BY THE STRANGE FUNGUS THEY HAD EATEN...
WE FOUND OURSELVES SITTING CROUCHED TOGETHER IN A TUMULTUOUS DARKNESS.
CAVOR, WHY AM I TIED? WHY HAVE YOU TIED ME HAND AND FOOT?
I HAVEN'T TIED YOU ...IT'S THE SELENITES.
WHERE ARE WE?
HOW SHOULD I KNOW?
ARE WE DEAD?
WHAT NONSENSE!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN TO DO?
HOW SHOULD I KNOW WHAT TO DO?
HE WAS THERE ALL AT ONCE. IT SEEMED AS THOUGH IT DID NOT HAVE A FACE ...MORE, A HORROR--
A DEFORMITY THAT WOULD PRESENTLY BE DISAVOWED OR EXPLAINED.
THERE WAS NO NOSE--
--AND THE THING HAD BULGING EYES AT THE SIDE.
PRESENTLY THE SELENITE FLICKERED INTO THE SHADOW--
--STOOD FOR A MOMENT RETROSPECTIVE AT THE DOOR--
--AND THEN CLOSED IT ON US--
--AND ONCE MORE WE WERE IN THAT MURMUROUS MYSTERY OF DARKNESS INTO WHICH WE HAD AWAKENED.

Script: Don McGregor. Art: Rudy Mesina. Adapted from the classic by H.G. Wells

MR. CAVOR MAKES SOME SUGGESTIONS!
THEY'VE GOT US.
IT WAS THAT FUNGUS.
WELL, IF I HADN'T TAKEN IT WE SHOULD HAVE FAINTED AND STARVED.
WE MIGHT HAVE FOUND THE SPHERE... AND WE NEVER THOUGHT OF A WORLD INSIDE THE MOON. WE GET INTO HABITS OF THE MIND.
IF THE SELENITES DISCOVER THE SPHERE WILL THEY RUIN IT... LEAVING US STRANDED HERE FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES?
OH, WHY DIDN'T I STICK TO WRITING MY PLAY? I SEEM TO EXIST ONLY TO DO PREPOSTEROUS THINGS.
HOPPING ABOUT LOOKING FOR PATENTS AND CONCESSIONS IN THE CRATERS OF THE MOON!
I WAS EQUAL TO WRITING A PLAY. THAT WAS MY WORLD AND THE LIFE I WAS MADE FOR--
--AND NOW I'VE LEAPED TO THE MOON ...AND THROWN MY LIFE AWAY!


THE DARKNESS HAD GIVEN WAY TO BLUISH LIGHT AGAIN.
SEVERAL NOISELESS SELENITES WERE COMING INTO THE CHAMBER. I BECAME QUITE STILL STARING AT THEIR GROTESQUE FACES.
I PERCEIVED THAT THE FOREMOST AND SECOND CARRIED BOWLS.
ONE ELEMENTAL NEED AT LEAST OUR MINDS COULD UNDERSTAND IN COMMON.
FROM A PARTLY DIVIDED CARCASS OF A MOONCALF THAT WE PRESENTLY SAW I AM INCLINED TO BELIEVE IT MUST HAVE BEEN MOONCALF FLESH.
THEIR TENTACLE HANDS WERE SOFT AND COLD TO MY SKIN.
WE ATE AND PRESENTLY DRANK LIKE TRAMPS IN A SOUP KITCHEN.
THE PROBLEM IS COMMUNICATION. PERHAPS SOME BASIC PRINCIPLES OF GEOMETRY THEY MIGHT RECOGNIZE.
IF I WERE UNCHAINED. I COULD DRAW A GEOMETRIC FIGURE IN THE DUST, AND TRY MY THEORY.
FINE, CAVOR... FINE.
I COULD NEVER HAVE BELIEVED THAT A QUARTER OF A MILLION MILES OUT OF OUR PROPER WORLD--
--IN UTTER PERPLEXITY OF SOUL--
--SURROUNDED--
--WATCHED--
--TOUCHED BY BEINGS MORE GROTESQUE AND INHUMAN THAN THE WORST CREATURES OF A NIGHTMARE--
--IT WOULD BE POSSIBLE FOR ME TO EAT IN UTTER FORGETFULNESS OF ALL THESE THINGS.


I THINK THAT OUR INCURABLE ANTHROPOMORPHISM MADE US IMAGINE THERE WERE HUMAN HEADS INSIDE THEIR MASKS, AS THEY TOUCHED US TO RE-ADJUST OUR CHAINS.
THEY SEEM TO BE RELEASING US. REMEMBER WE ARE ON THE MOON! MAKE NO SUDDEN MOVEMENTS!
WE HAD TAKEN IT AS A NATURAL THING THAT A SUBTERRANEAN CAVERN SHOULD BE ARTIFICIALLY LIT, UNTIL WE CAME ON THE HUGE APPARATUS.
ABOUT IT MOVE THE SHAPES OF TENDERS. OUT OF THE TOP OF THE VERTICAL CYLINDER CAME POURING THIS INCANDESCENT SUBSTANCE--
THUD! THUD! THUD!
--THAT LIT THE PLACE AND RAN OVER AS MILK RUNS OVER A BOILING POT.
BY SOME DEFECT OF REASONING CAVOR SEEMED TO IMAGINE THAT BROKEN ENGLISH MIGHT HELP US COMMUNICATE. HE EXPERIMENTED...
NO, NO! ME NOT COME ON ONE MINUTE.
ME LOOK AT 'IM.
THUD! THUD! THUD!
ABOVE--
--BELOW--
--IN EVERY DIRECTION--
THUD! THUD!
--WAS THE UNKNOWN, AND THESE INHUMAN CREATURES--
--AND WE TWO UNSUPPORTED MEN.

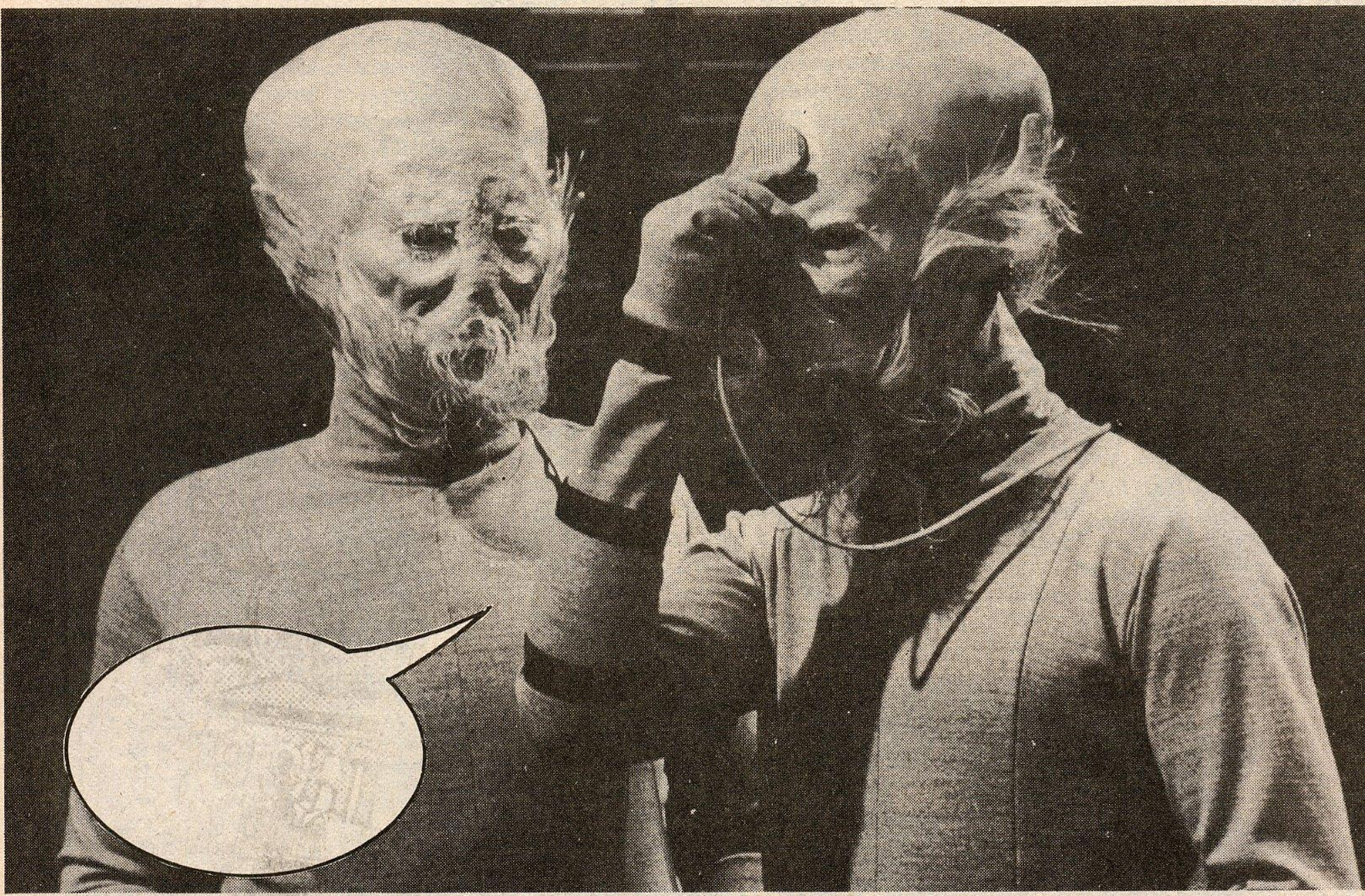
TO BE CONTINUED...

CRAZY CAPTION 26

£5 TO BE WON!

Yes we're back with another of those candid shots from the **Dr Who** tv series that just cries out for a crazy caption. Just think of the funniest line you can to go with the empty speech balloon (25 words or less), and you could win £5! Ten signed colour photos of Tom Baker as the Doctor will go to the runners-up. Send your entries — **on postcards only** — postmarked no later than April 13th, to us at:

CRAZY CAPTION 26,
Marvel Comics, Jadwin House,
205-211 Kentish Town Road,
London NW5.



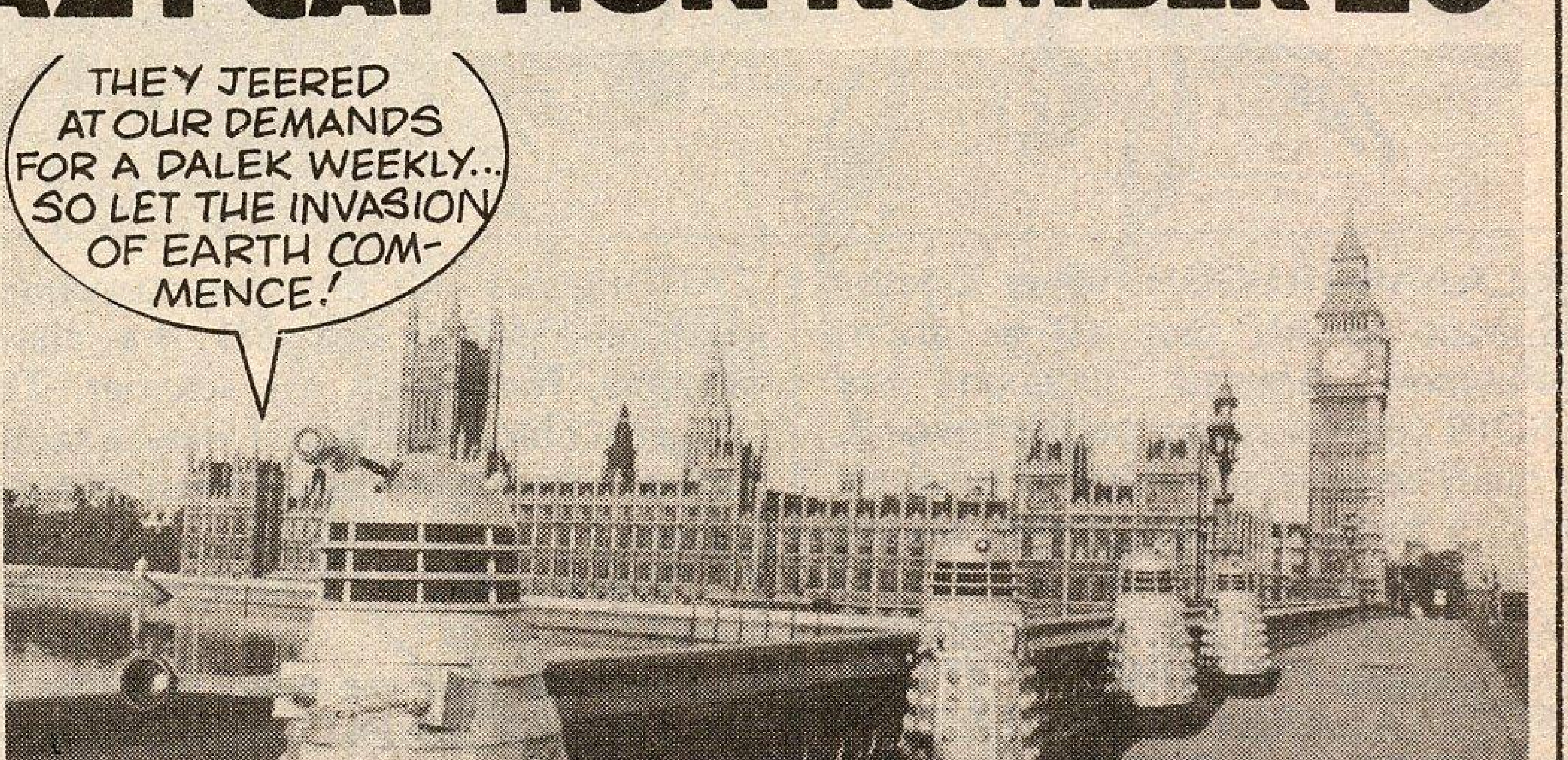
RESULTS OF CRAZY CAPTION NUMBER 20

THE WINNER:

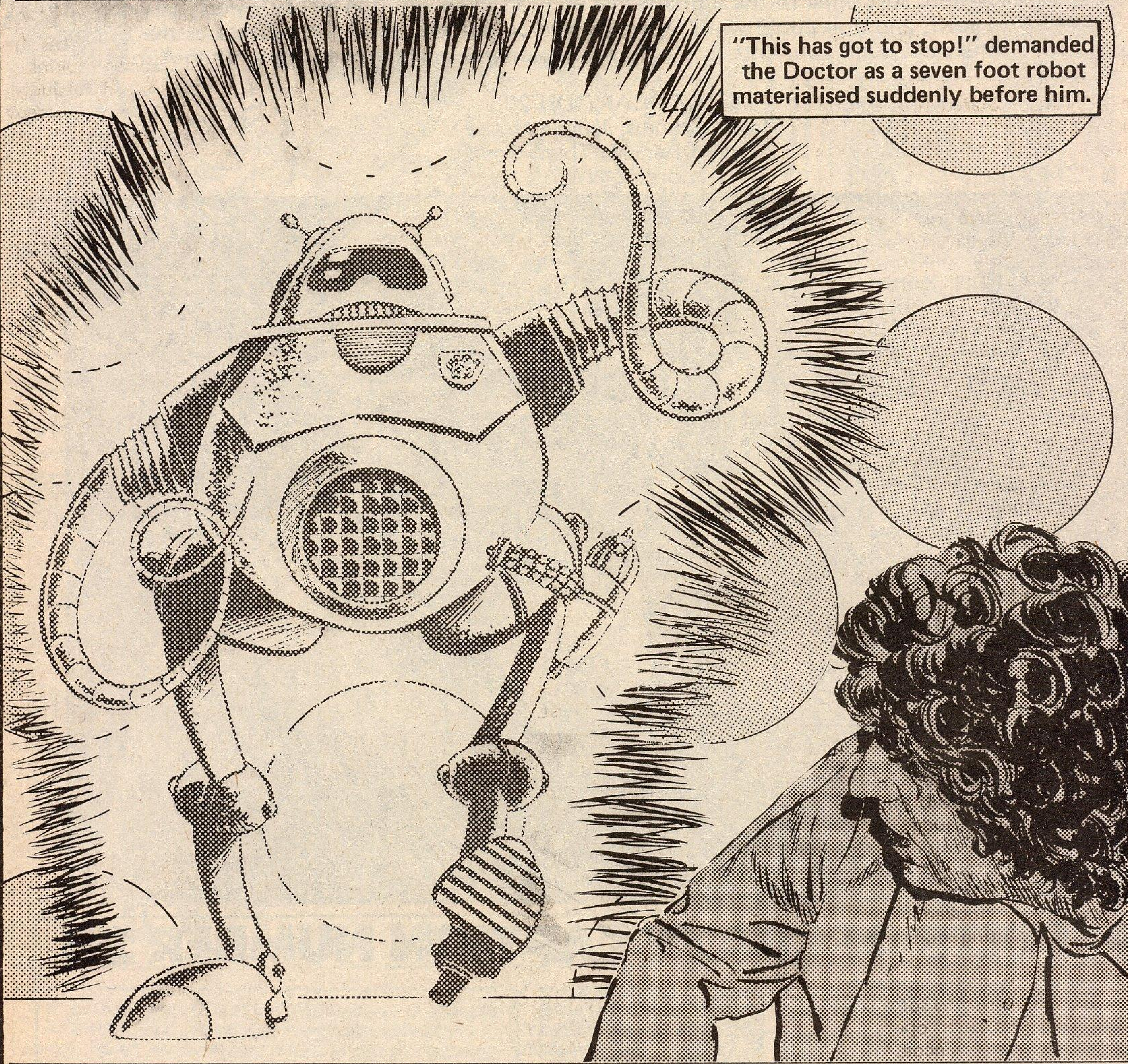
A.J. Waters from Tonbridge wins £5 for his caption printed right:

Signed colour photos of Tom Baker as the Doctor have gone to the ten runners-up:

David Claridge from Coventry;
Jonathan Terry from Ruddington;
Gary McGough from Sheffield;
Wayne Hall from Warly;
Michael Cotterall from Stourbridge;
David Smith from Sheffield,
Nick Ford from Cobham;
Paul Dick from Salop;
Malcolm Stevens from Godalming;
Jeffrey Forster from Battersea.


THEY JEERED AT OUR DEMANDS FOR A DALEK WEEKLY... SO LET THE INVASION OF EARTH COM-MENCE!

THE TWO-TIMER



"This has got to stop!" demanded the Doctor as a seven foot robot materialised suddenly before him.

BLAAARRRGGGH! The Doctor leapt to his feet as an alarm klaxon howled through the TARDIS control room, pelted towards the main console and skidded to a halt before a bank of lights which blazed like berserk neon.

K-9 came rattling in, computer-voice blaring: "ALARM . . . FULL ALERT! ALARM! INVADERS IN THE TARDIS! STAND BY TO REPEL INVADERS!"

"Good Heavens, K-9," said the Doctor. "A chap can't even take forty winks in peace these days."

He checked the stasis lock. The TARDIS was still hovering suspended in time. He clicked off the alarm systems, flicked on the scanner. The planet Koblos was in full view, exactly where it had been only fifteen minutes before.

"Report, K-9 . . . what was it this time?"

"Sensors indicate alien presence in the TARDIS, Master!"

"Description."

"Fleeting, nebulous, insubstantial. No actual corporeal existence."

"Sounds like a ghost, K-9."

"Affirmative, master."

"How very odd." The Doctor sat down on a couch by the wall. Something caught his eye across the room. He stared disbelievingly — then shot to his feet in horror.

The figure of a man had emerged through the solid wall and now flitted towards him, wearing an equally shocked expression! The Doctor threw his arms up for protection, the figure passed right through him and disappeared through the opposite wall.

Trembling, the Doctor started after it.

"D-d-did you see that, K-9?" he stammered.

"Affirmative, master. Sensors indicate another presence about to materialise."

This time a young woman came flying through the wall — her mouth open in a silent scream. She looked blurred. Indistinct. She, too, faded like a morning mist.

"Report, K-9 . . . what's happening?"

"Figures inhabit different temporal field, master." Stated K-9, and rolled backwards to allow a large black shiny cube to hurtle past him and vanish through the wall.

In the next three minutes — a huge blue pyramid, two red spheres, an elderly lady and a gaggle of young girls whooshed silently and mysteriously through the TARDIS control room.

"This has got to stop!" demanded the Doctor as a seven-foot robot materialised suddenly before him. Swinging a fist, the Doctor aimed an experimental blow at the shimmering figure.

CLAAAAAANG!

The Doctor clutched his bruised knuckles and gasped in agony.

"Sensors indicate figure has considerable mass and density, master!" brayed K-9.

"Thank you, K-9." Said the Doctor through gritted teeth.

"Resistance is futile," intoned the robot. "You are hereby arrested under Paragraph 4, Timeway Regulations . . . subsection 957(b) PARKING IN AN ILLEGAL TIME-ZONE!

250 YEARS IMPRISONMENT!

"An illegal time-zone?" howled the Doctor. "There's no such thing!"

"Tell it to the judge," said the robot flatly. And before K-9 could move, both Doctor and robot had vanished without trace.

The Doctor looked around the pokey little waiting-room where he'd been waiting for two hours. The robot had left him there, alone, while apparently reporting to some superior.

Suddenly the door opened and a short man in a long raincoat walked in. Beneath his military style peaked hat he carried a thin face. Beneath his thin nose was a toothbrush moustache. The Doctor suppressed a smile. With his scrawny neck, the man looked like a tortoise in an overgrown shell.

The man sat down behind a bare table, took out a clipboard calculator and began punching the keys.

"So this is Koblos," said the Doctor affably. "Do have a jelly-baby. The orange ones are rather good."

The man curled his lip. "Silence." He said. "You're facing serious charges, time traveller."

"Charges?" asked the Doctor.

"Parking in an illegal time-zone, endangering pedestrians and vehicles alike. Failing to produce a current licence . . . or tax sticker, and operating an untimeworthy vehicle in the main time-stream . . . during rush-hour no less!"

"I'm terribly sorry." Said the Doctor. "I can explain everything."

"Save it for the judge," said the man, and picking up his clipboard he shuffled from the room. "You could get 300 years for this." He sneered and slammed the door behind him.

The suns of Koblos were setting as the Doctor found himself in the dock of a crowded courtroom. Robots guarded the doors. Glowering across the court at him was the dreaded Judge!

"Young man," said his Worship. "You are charged with violating our most serious Time-law, namely: NO TWO OBJECTS MAY OCCUPY THE SAME SPACE AT THE SAME TIME.

Had your craft moved but a single micro-phase, a disastrous accident would have occurred. What have you to say?"

"Your Honour," said the Doctor politely, "The TARIDS is equipped with various safety devices, collision could not have occurred."

The Judge shuffled some papers and nodded at the thin man in the large raincoat. "According to Time Warden Tompkins' report, your TARDIS is untimeworthy," he said. "Possessing a faulty temporal selector and a worn gyro-thrust. The thing is a wreck . . . a jalopy!"

The Doctor was almost speechless. "That TARDIS is a vintage model," he gasped. "It's unique! Any collector in the galaxy would give his right arm for it . . ."

He broke off suddenly as he noticed a sly grin crawling across the thin face of Time Warden Tompkins.

"The fact remains," said the Judge, "That you broke the Law. I hereby sentence you to 250 years imprisonment and your TARDIS is to be scrapped forthwith!"

"No!" cried the Doctor. "You can't do this to me!"

THE DOCTOR'S ESCAPE!

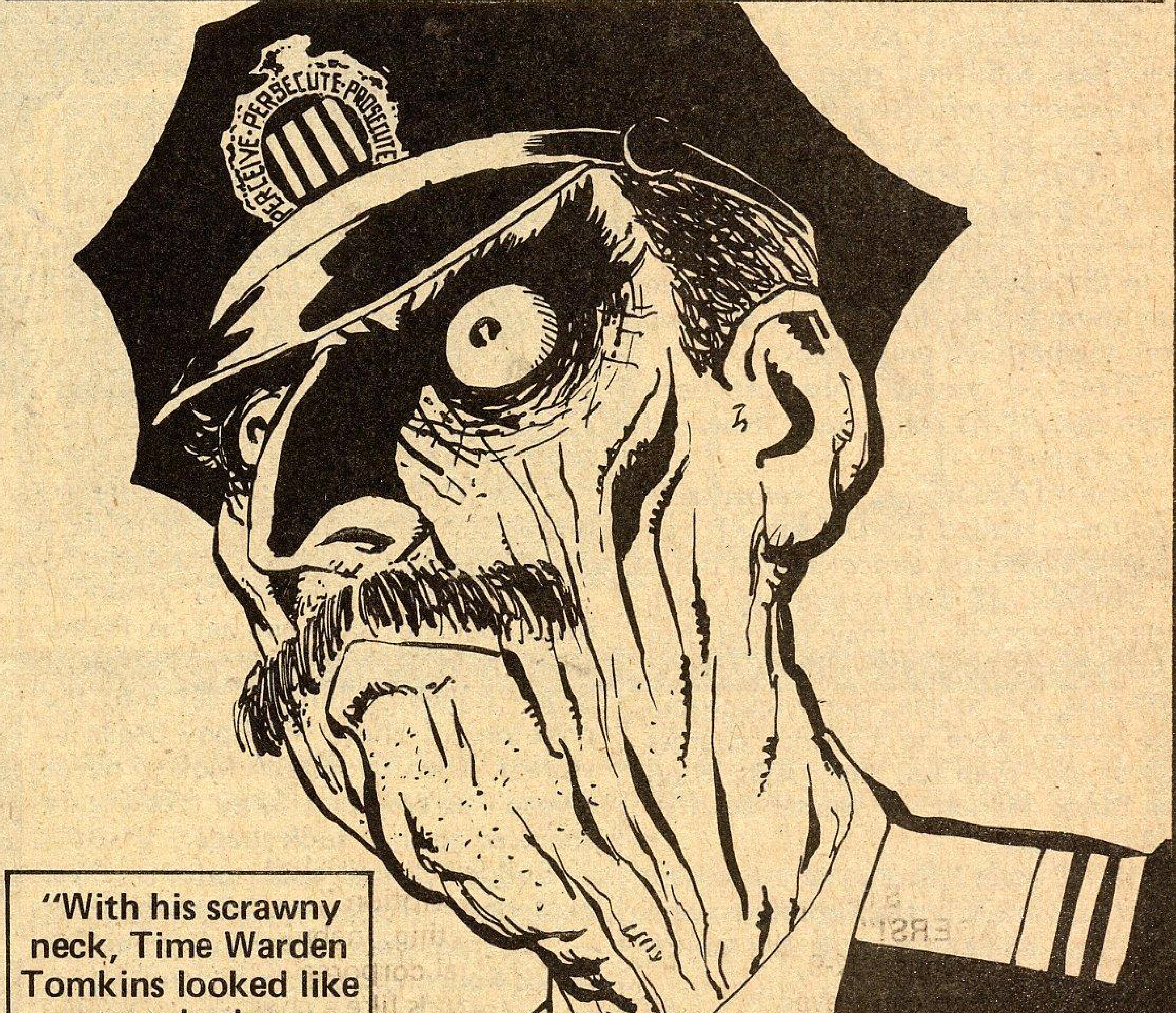
But Time Warden Tompkins had already summoned two robot guards, which moved in quickly, held the Doctor's arms and dragged him away to the cells beneath the courtroom.

Later, in his tiny cell, the Doctor contemplated his fate. There was only one thing to do. He took a fob-watch from his waistcoat pocket and pressed the winder. The dial cleared and a picture of K-9 appeared.

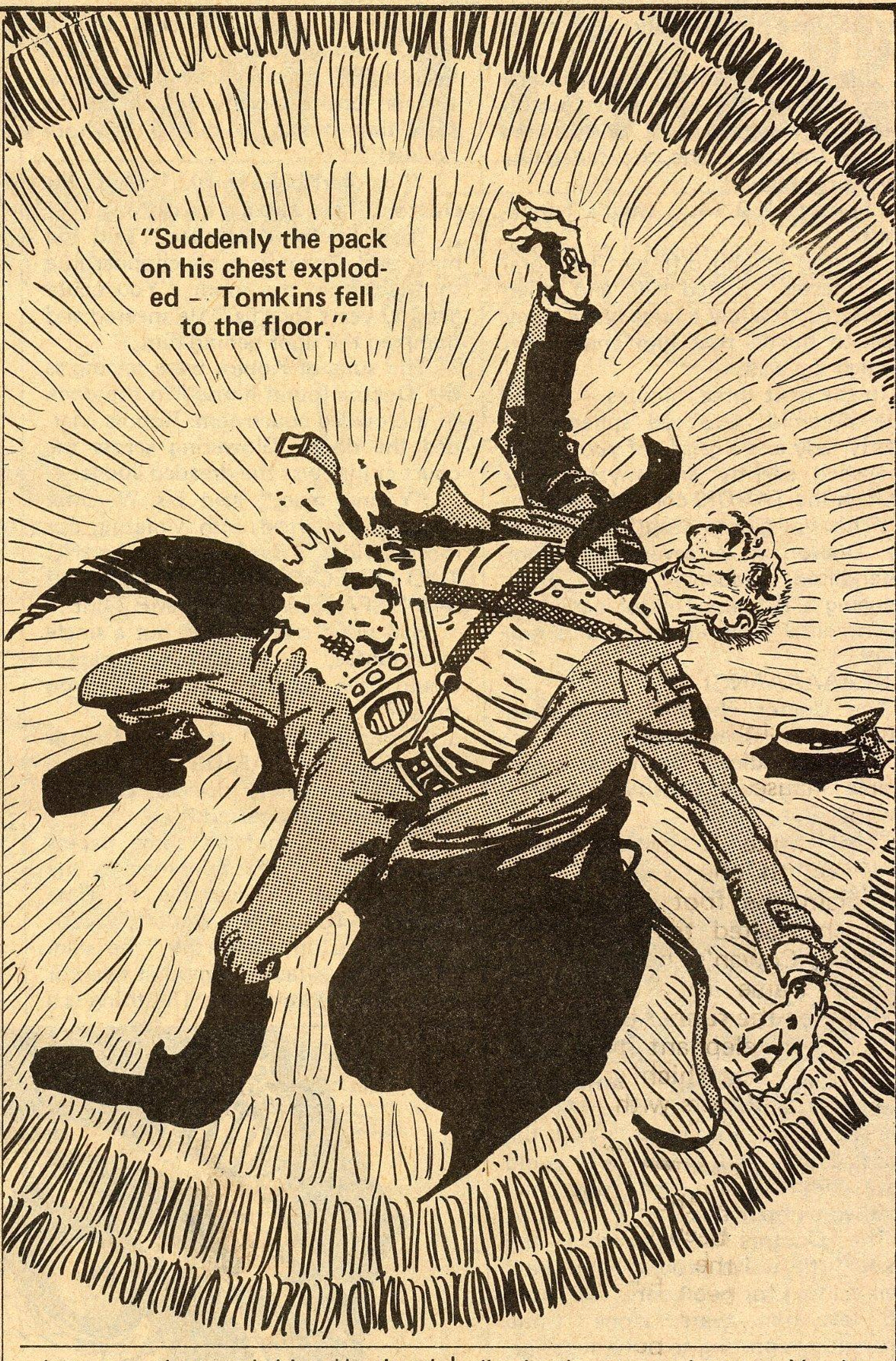
"K-9, are you receiving me?" whispered the Doctor.

"Soft, but clear, master." Replied K-9.

The Doctor smiled, glad that the novelty communicators he'd picked up at the intergalactic Gift Shoppe on Rigel II were finally proving useful.



"With his scrawny neck, Time Warden Tomkins looked like a tortoise in an overgrown shell."



"Suddenly the pack on his chest exploded – Tomkins fell to the floor."

"K-9, there's something I want you to do." He said.

Alan Scarg watched the TARDIS being cranked up from the scrapyard, safe in the grip of an anti-grav hoist. The hoist swung across the yard and dropped the time-machine onto a loader.

"Careful with that!" Scarg shouted to the hoist operator. "That's an original TARDIS from Gallifrey . . . it cost me a fortune!"

"Money well spent." Said a voice behind him. He turned to face the sneering features of Time Warden Tompkins.

K-9'S CUNNING MANOEUVRE

"Another little treasure for your collection, Mr Scarg?"

VRAAAAWP! VRAAAAAAWP! They both whipped round in alarm, just in time to see the TARDIS fade from the back of the loader and vanish into thin air.

The Doctor backed up against his cell wall. The TARDIS had materialised exactly on the co-ordinates he'd given K-9.

"Excellent." He proclaimed, even though most of his cell was now occupied by the looming police box. He sidled round to the door and squeezed in, there to be greeted enthusiastically by K-9.

"A few minor adjustments, K-9." Said the Doctor, striding over to the control console. K-9's gyroscopic Stabiliser whirred quietly as the TARDIS dematerialised . . .

THE TARDIS LOOPS THROUGH TIME!

In the courtroom, the Judge stared dumbfounded as the Doctor stepped from the battered police box.

"B-but — you've only just been taken away!" he spluttered. "How did you get here?"

"The TARDIS is a remarkable machine," replied the Doctor. "It can create a time-loop almost to the point of paradox. It can manoeuvre with exquisite control. It may be old, but it's not ready for the scrap-heap yet.

Unless, of course, some unscrupulous weasel were to concoct charges against me, then sell the TARDIS on the Black Market. A weasel such as **YOU** perhaps!"

The Doctor threw an accusing finger at Time Warden Tompkins, who had been edging towards the courtroom door.

Tompkins ripped open his raincoat and pulled out a heavy polariser ray.

"Keep back," he snarled as two robots moved towards him. He aimed the ray and fired. A robot crumpled under the blast, circuits fusing in a crackling hiss.

The Doctor glimpsed a gleam of metal beneath the raincoat. A Pedestrian Pack! Sure enough — Tompkins began punching buttons set into the pack on his chest. His body began to vibrate. Then to fade. A look of terror spread across his face. His body focussed again — took shape.

Suddenly the pack on his chest exploded — Tompkins fell to the floor — the polariser clattered from his hand. Police and guards picked him up and at the Judge's instructions hauled him, stunned, from the room.

"Well, Doctor . . . it seems we must dismiss the case against you. You have proved your point admirably."

"Thank you, Judge. You see, Tompkins was a mere Time Warden, whereas I am a Time Lord. He was so confused by my appearance just now, he couldn't decide whether to escape into the past or future. The future showed him his own capture. He threw the Pedestrian Pack into reverse and it blow up in his face."

"Ingenious," muttered the judge. "Absolutely ingenious."

He looked up to offer his congratulations to the Doctor, but the TARDIS was already beginning to fade from view.

Inside, the Doctor was already anticipating his next adventure.

FANTASTIC FACTS

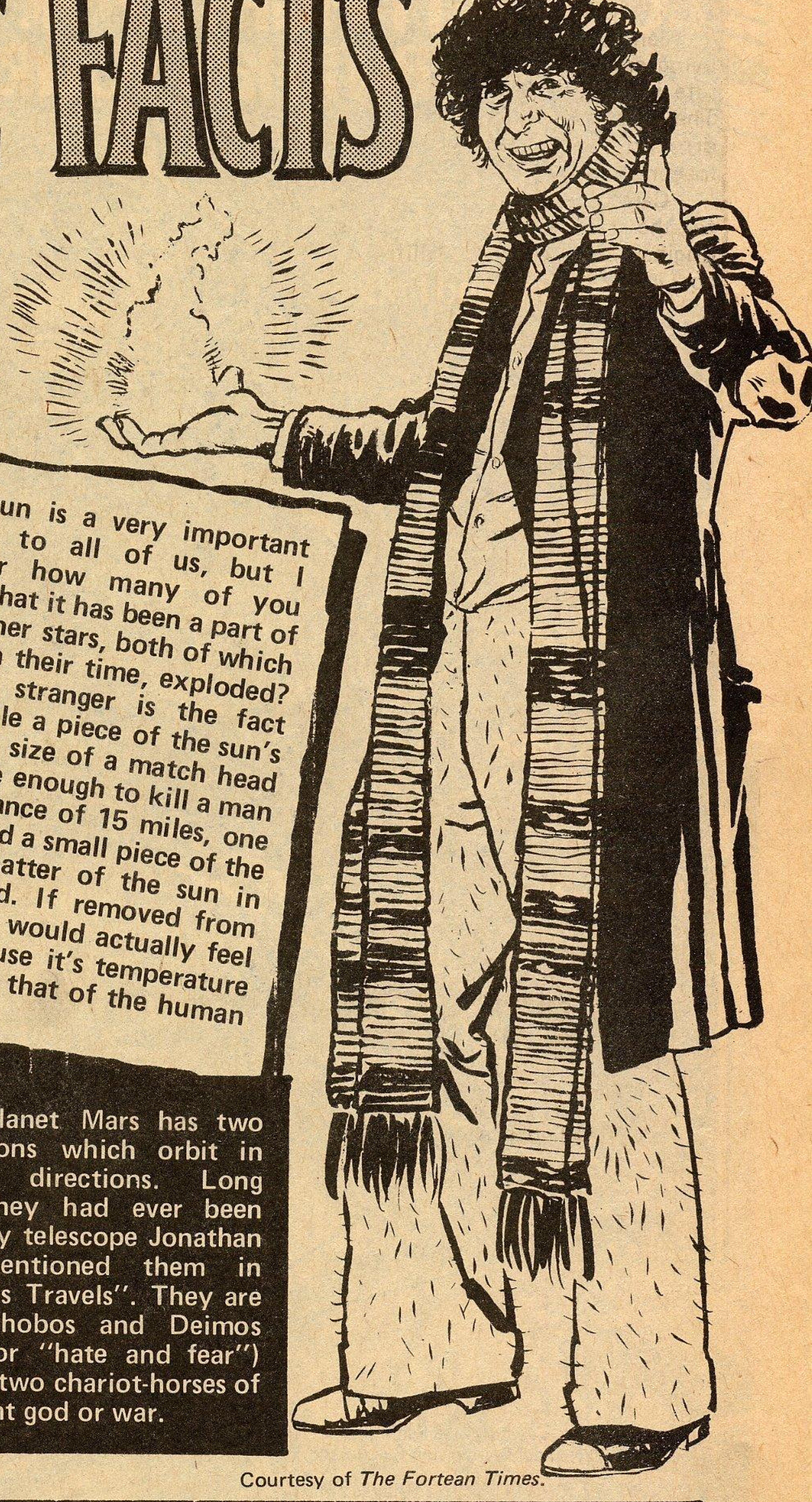
Welcome to a brand new page of incredible information, amazing anecdotes and terrifying tales.

Some species of ants raid the nests of other ant species and kidnap "slaves". These "Slave drivers" have become so specialised by the evolution of this behaviour that they have forgotten how to feed themselves. If they could not find any slaves they would starve to death.

Harry Potter, a keen gardener from Northumberland was renowned for his green fingers. But it all seemed a bit incredible when a wooden clothes peg he used to mark a row of seeds in his greenhouse — grew four sturdy roots!

A fluke of nature? A million to one chance? Then explain the foot long shoots which started to grow from David Cowan's new kitchen door frame in Nottinghamshire; or the runner-bean poles fueled by elephant manure at Dudley Zoo, which grew into a row of poplars with 40 foot trunks!

Ever since the surface of Jupiter has been observed by telescope the "Great Red Spot" has been famous as its most prominent feature. Scientists now believe that it is a vast hurricane-type storm which has been raging for thousands of years.



Our sun is a very important fellow to all of us, but I wonder how many of you know that it has been a part of two other stars, both of which have, in their time, exploded? Perhaps stranger is the fact that while a piece of the sun's core the size of a match head would be enough to kill a man at a distance of 15 miles, one could hold a small piece of the surface matter of the sun in one's hand. If removed from the sun it would actually feel *cool*, because it's temperature is less than that of the human body!

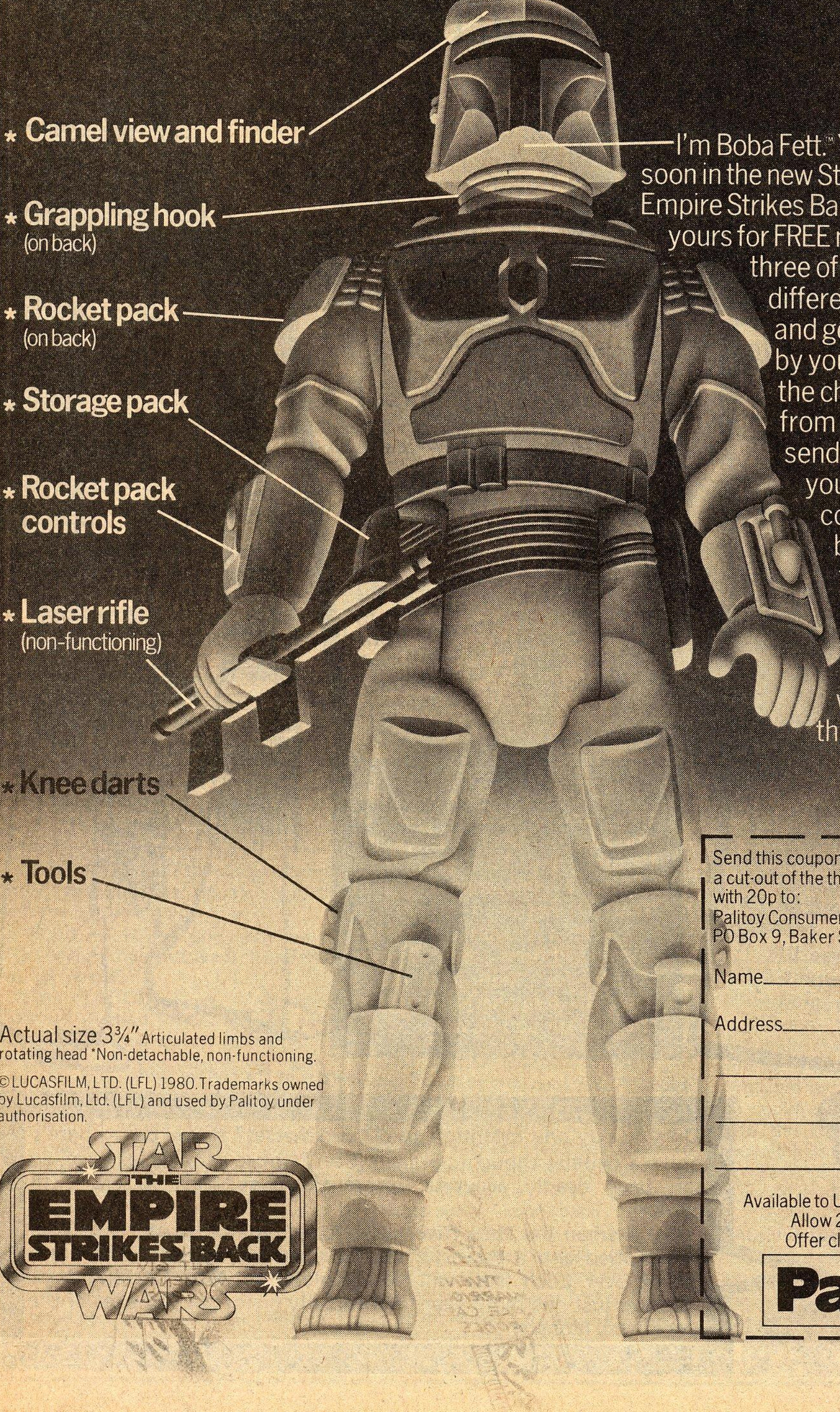
The planet Mars has two tiny moons which orbit in opposite directions. Long before they had ever been sighted by telescope Jonathan Swift mentioned them in "Gulliver's Travels". They are named Phobos and Deimos (Greek for "hate and fear") after the two chariot-horses of the ancient god or war.

Courtesy of *The Fortean Times*.

Do you pay any attention to old prophecies? If you do — here's quite a chilling thought. Braham Seer, whose prophecies have, so far, been deadly accurate, wrote this way back in the 17th century:

". . . when the Ness River is overbuilt nine times, the river shall be emptied and a powerful sea monster will appear." The ninth bridge over Loch Ness will be completed by May 1981! Perhaps we have just one more year to cheerfully claim our disbelief of the Loch Ness Monster . . .

BOBA FETT™ FIGHTS FOR THE HIGHEST BIDDER. BUT HE'S YOURS FOR FREE.


★ Camel view and finder
★ Grappling hook (on back)
★ Rocket pack (on back)
★ Storage pack
★ Rocket pack controls
★ Laser rifle (non-functioning)
★ Knee darts
★ Tools

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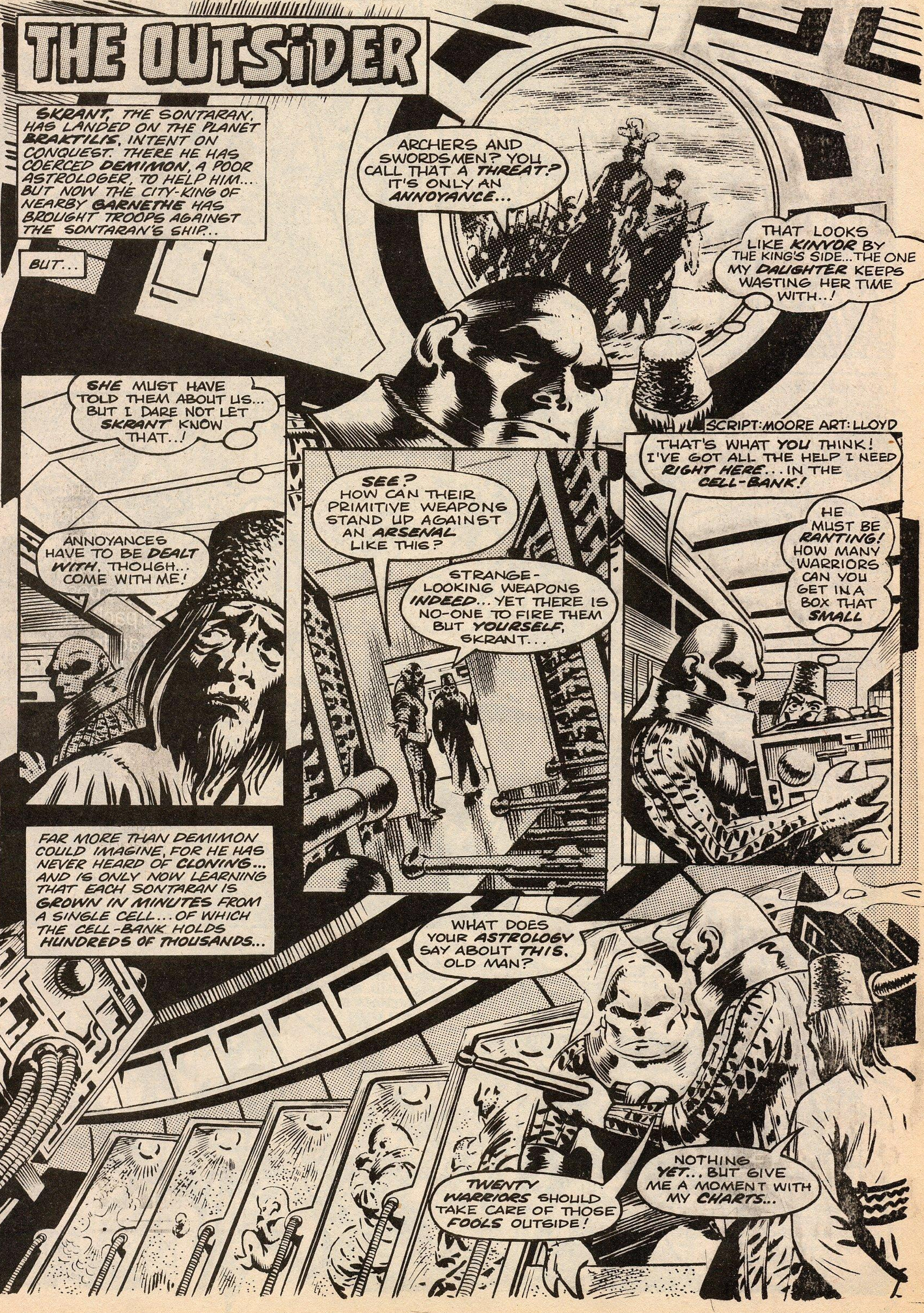
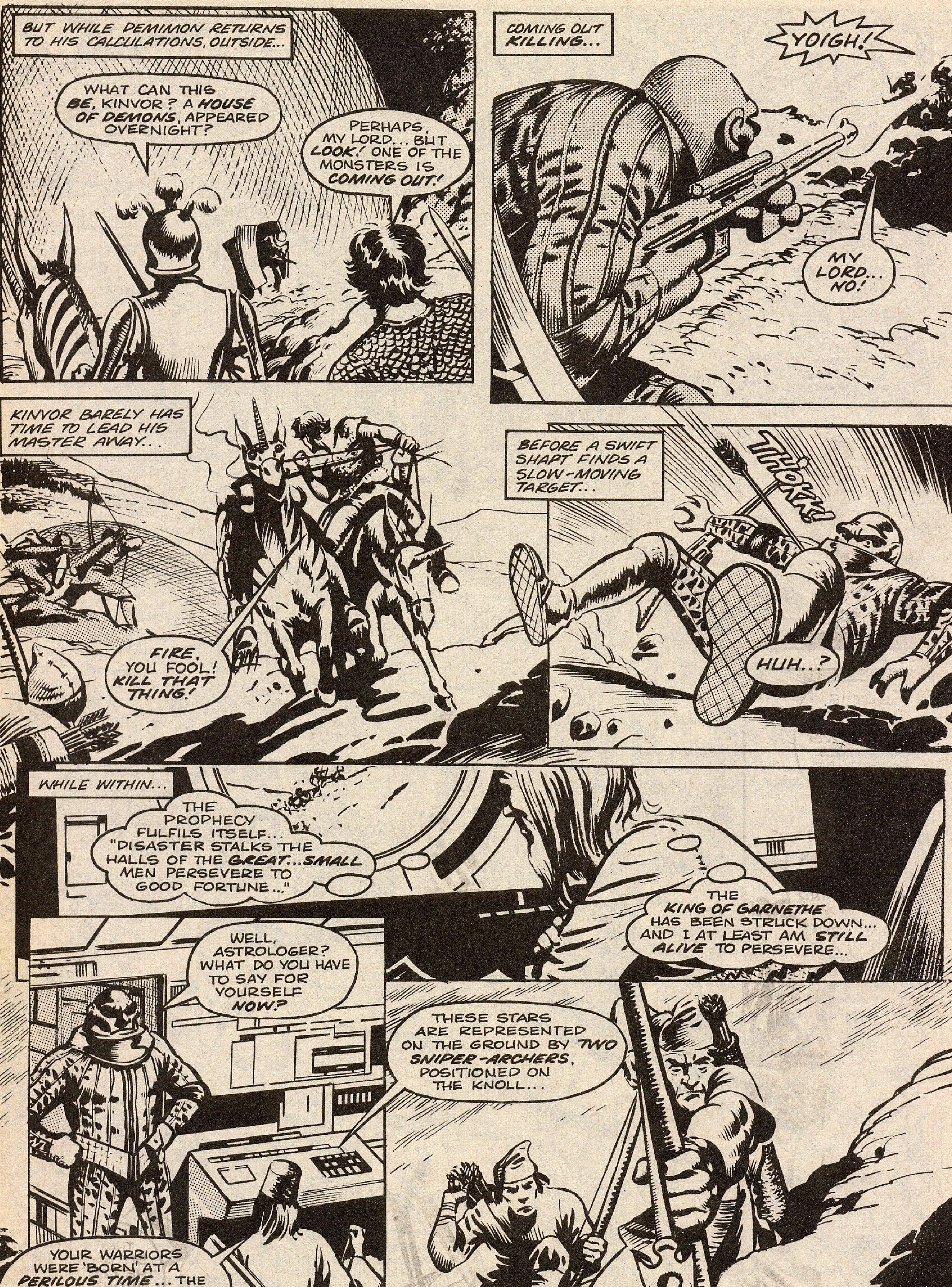
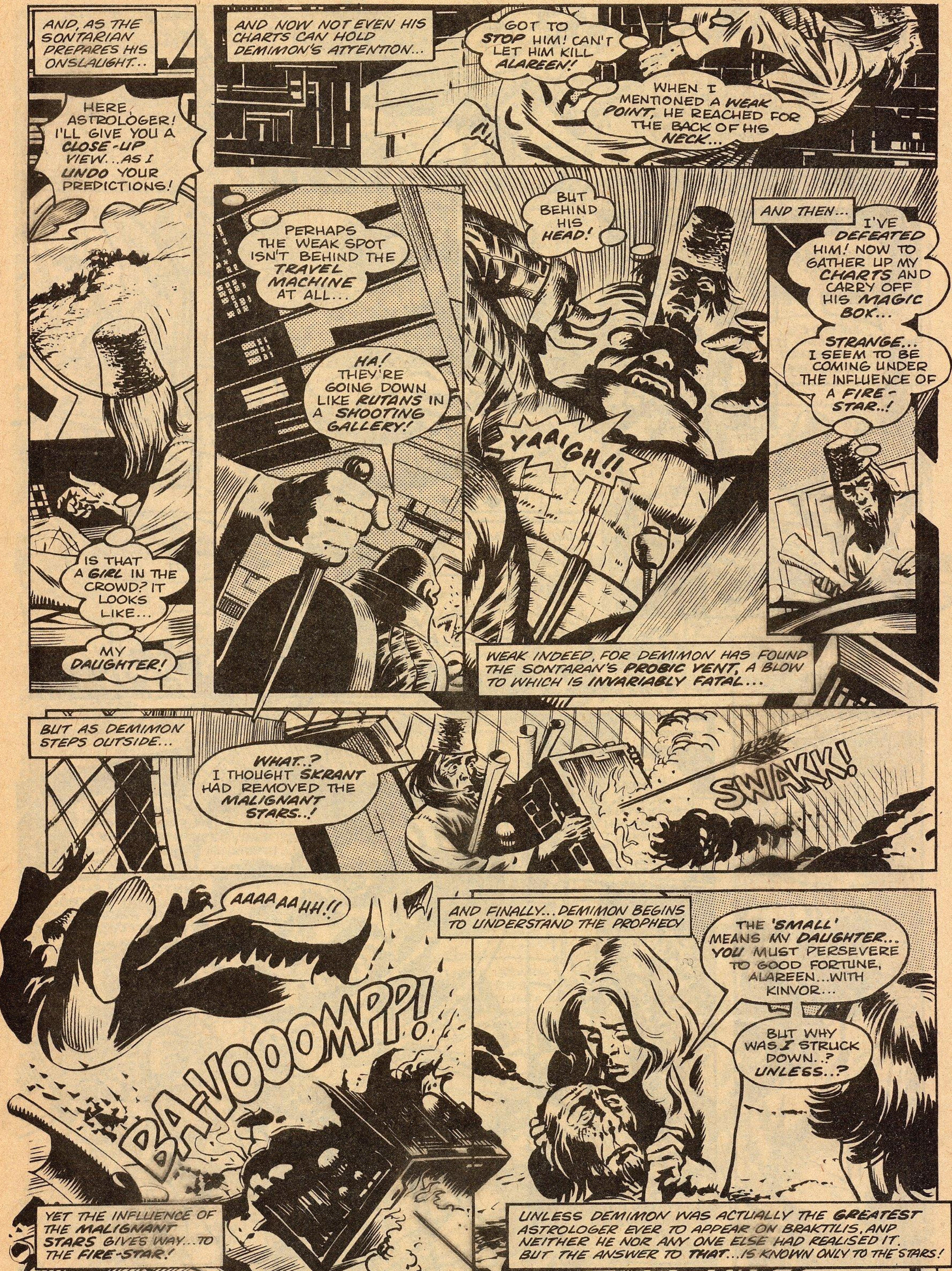
THE OUTSIDER


SKRANT, THE SONTARAN, HAS LANDED ON THE PLANET BRAKTILIS, INTENT ON CONQUEST. THERE HE HAS COERCED DEMIMON, A POOR ASTROLOGER, TO HELP HIM... BUT NOW THE CITY-KING OF NEARBY GARNETHE HAS BROUGHT TROOPS AGAINST THE SONTARAN'S SHIP...
BUT...
ARCHERS AND SWORDSMEN? YOU CALL THAT A THREAT? IT'S ONLY AN ANNOYANCE...
THAT LOOKS LIKE KINVOR BY THE KING'S SIDE... THE ONE MY DAUGHTER KEEPS WASTING HER TIME WITH...!
SHE MUST HAVE TOLD THEM ABOUT US... BUT I DARE NOT LET SKRANT KNOW THAT...!
SCRIPT: MOORE ART: LLOYD
ANNOYANCES HAVE TO BE DEALT WITH, THOUGH... COME WITH ME!
SEE? HOW CAN THEIR PRIMITIVE WEAPONS STAND UP AGAINST AN ARSENAL LIKE THIS?
STRANGE-LOOKING WEAPONS INDEED... YET THERE IS NO-ONE TO FIRE THEM BUT YOURSELF, SKRANT...
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! I'VE GOT ALL THE HELP I NEED RIGHT HERE... IN THE CELL-BANK!
HE MUST BE RANTING! HOW MANY WARRIORS CAN YOU GET IN A BOX THAT SMALL
FAR MORE THAN DEMIMON COULD IMAGINE, FOR HE HAS NEVER HEARD OF CLONING... AND IS ONLY NOW LEARNING THAT EACH SONTARAN IS GROWN IN MINUTES FROM A SINGLE CELL... OF WHICH THE CELL-BANK HOLDS HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS...
WHAT DOES YOUR ASTROLOGY SAY ABOUT THIS, OLD MAN?
NOTHING YET... BUT GIVE ME A MOMENT WITH MY CHARTS...
TWENTY WARRIORS SHOULD TAKE CARE OF THOSE FOOLS OUTSIDE!


BUT WHILE DEMIMON RETURNS TO HIS CALCULATIONS, OUTSIDE...
WHAT CAN THIS BE, KINVOR? A HOUSE OF DEMONS, APPEARED OVERNIGHT?
PERHAPS, MY LORD... BUT LOOK! ONE OF THE MONSTERS IS COMING OUT!
COMING OUT KILLING...
YOIGH!
MY LORD... NO!
KINVOR BARELY HAS TIME TO LEAD HIS MASTER AWAY...
FIRE, YOU FOOL! KILL THAT THING!
BEFORE A SWIFT SHAPT FINDS A SLOW-MOVING TARGET...
THOKK!
HUH...?
WHILE WITHIN...
THE PROPHECY FULFILS ITSELF... "DISASTER STALKS THE HALLS OF THE GREAT... SMALL MEN PERSEVERE TO GOOD FORTUNE..."
THE KING OF GARNETHE HAS BEEN STRUCK DOWN... AND I AT LEAST AM STILL ALIVE TO PERSEVERE...
WELL, ASTROLOGER? WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY FOR YOURSELF NOW?
YOUR WARRIORS WERE 'BORN' AT A PERILOUS TIME... THE ECLIPSED SECOND SUN IS OPPOSED BY TWO MALIGNANT STARS...
THESE STARS ARE REPRESENTED ON THE GROUND BY TWO SNIPER-ARCHERS, POSITIONED ON THE KNOLL...

WHO, AS YOUR WARRIORS LEAVE THE HATCH ONE AT A TIME, *SHOOT THEM DOWN!*
COINCIDENCE, YOU OLD FOOL!
BESIDES, ANYTHING YOU CAN *PREDICT*, I CAN *DEFEAT!*
SEE?
AAAAGH!!!
YA!!!!
AND BEHIND THE BRAKTILIAN LINES...
DEAD! WE'RE MOVING IN *MORE ARCHERS*, BUT...
OH, KINVOR... THIS IS *TERRIBLE!* IS THE KING..?
BUT IF THERE ARE ANY MORE *LIGHTNING FLASHES* FROM THAT THING...
GO BACK TO THE *CITY*, ALAREEN ...OR *AT LEAST* STAY WELL BEHIND THE TROOPS...
WITHIN...
THERE! SO NOW PERHAPS YOU'LL *STOP* SPOUTING YOUR RUBBISH IN FRONT OF ME!
IN *FRONT* OF YOU? NO! THE STARS PREDICT A *WEAKNESS FROM BEHIND!*
WEAKNESS FROM BEHIND? *MADNESS!*
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY INTO THIS SHIP, AND THAT'S THROUGH THE *FRONT HATCH!*
ALL I NEED DO IS *CLOSE* THAT...
AND THEN I CAN SIT SAFELY IN THE CONTROL-ROOM AND PICK THEM OFF WITH THE *TURRET-GUNS*...


AND, AS THE SONTARIAN PREPARES HIS ONSLAUGHT...
HERE, ASTROLOGER! I'LL GIVE YOU A CLOSE-UP VIEW...AS I UNDO YOUR PREDICTIONS!
AND NOW NOT EVEN HIS CHARTS CAN HOLD DEMIMON'S ATTENTION...
GOT TO STOP HIM! CAN'T LET HIM KILL ALAREEN!
WHEN I MENTIONED A WEAK POINT, HE REACHED FOR THE BACK OF HIS NECK...
IS THAT A GIRL IN THE CROWD? IT LOOKS LIKE...
MY DAUGHTER!
PERHAPS THE WEAK SPOT ISN'T BEHIND THE TRAVEL MACHINE AT ALL...
HA! THEY'RE GOING DOWN LIKE RUTANS IN A SHOOTING GALLERY!
BUT BEHIND HIS HEAD!
YAAIGH!!
AND THEN...
I'VE DEFEATED HIM! NOW TO GATHER UP MY CHARTS AND CARRY OFF HIS MAGIC BOX...
STRANGE... I SEEM TO BE COMING UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF A FIRE-STAR..!
WEAK INDEED, FOR DEMIMON HAS FOUND THE SONTARAN'S PROBIC VENT, A BLOW TO WHICH IS INVARIABLY FATAL...
BUT AS DEMIMON STEPS OUTSIDE...
WHAT..? I THOUGHT SKRANT HAD REMOVED THE MALIGNANT STARS..!
SWAKK!
AAAAAAHH!!
BA-VOOOMPP!
YET THE INFLUENCE OF THE MALIGNANT STARS GIVES WAY...TO THE FIRE-STAR!
AND FINALLY...DEMIMON BEGINS TO UNDERSTAND THE PROPHECY
THE 'SMALL' MEANS MY DAUGHTER... YOU MUST PERSEVERE TO GOOD FORTUNE, ALAREEN...WITH KINVOR...
BUT WHY WAS I STRUCK DOWN..? UNLESS..?
UNLESS DEMIMON WAS ACTUALLY THE GREATEST ASTROLOGER EVER TO APPEAR ON BRAKTILIS, AND NEITHER HE NOR ANY ONE ELSE HAD REALISED IT. BUT THE ANSWER TO THAT...IS KNOWN ONLY TO THE STARS!

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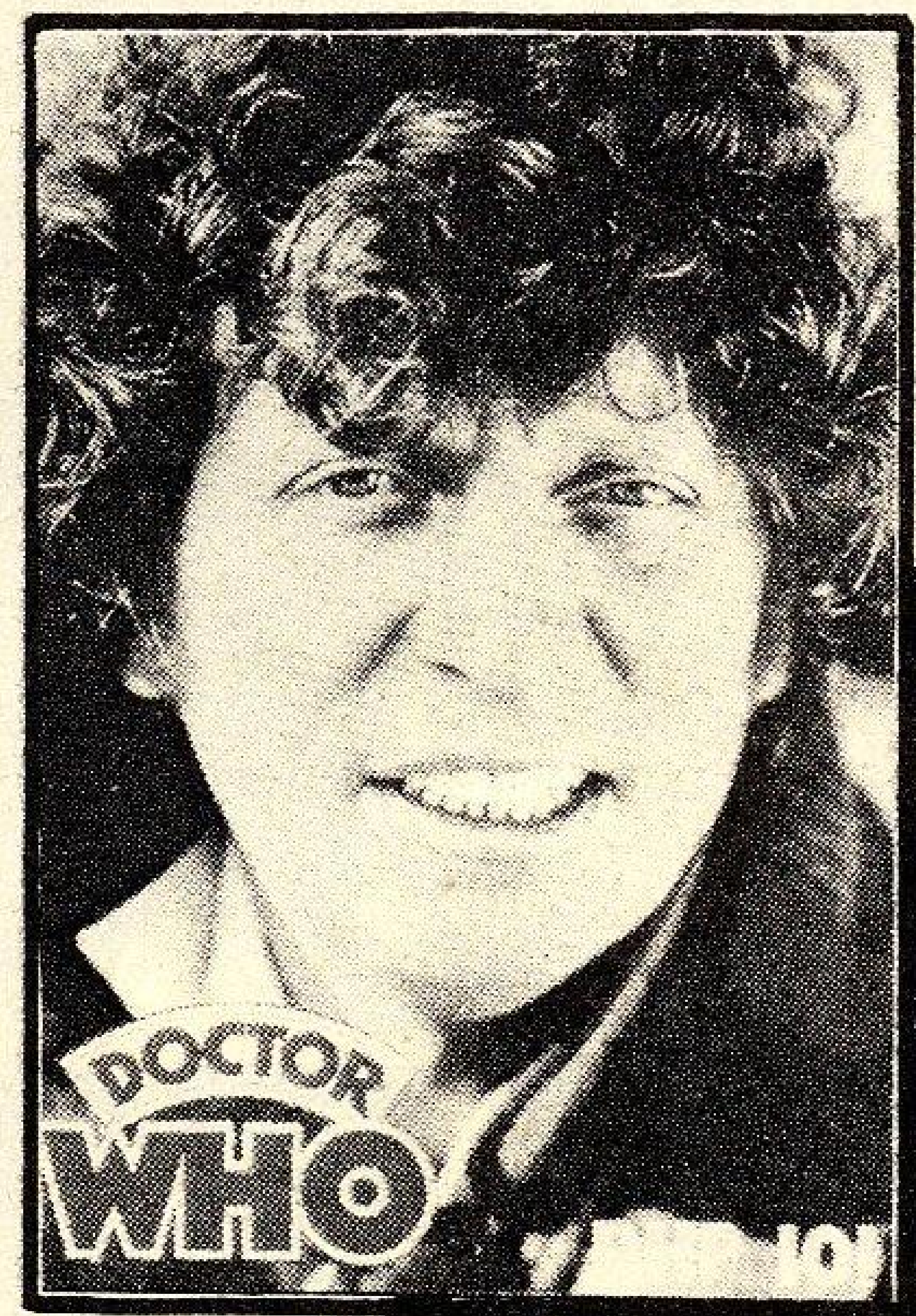

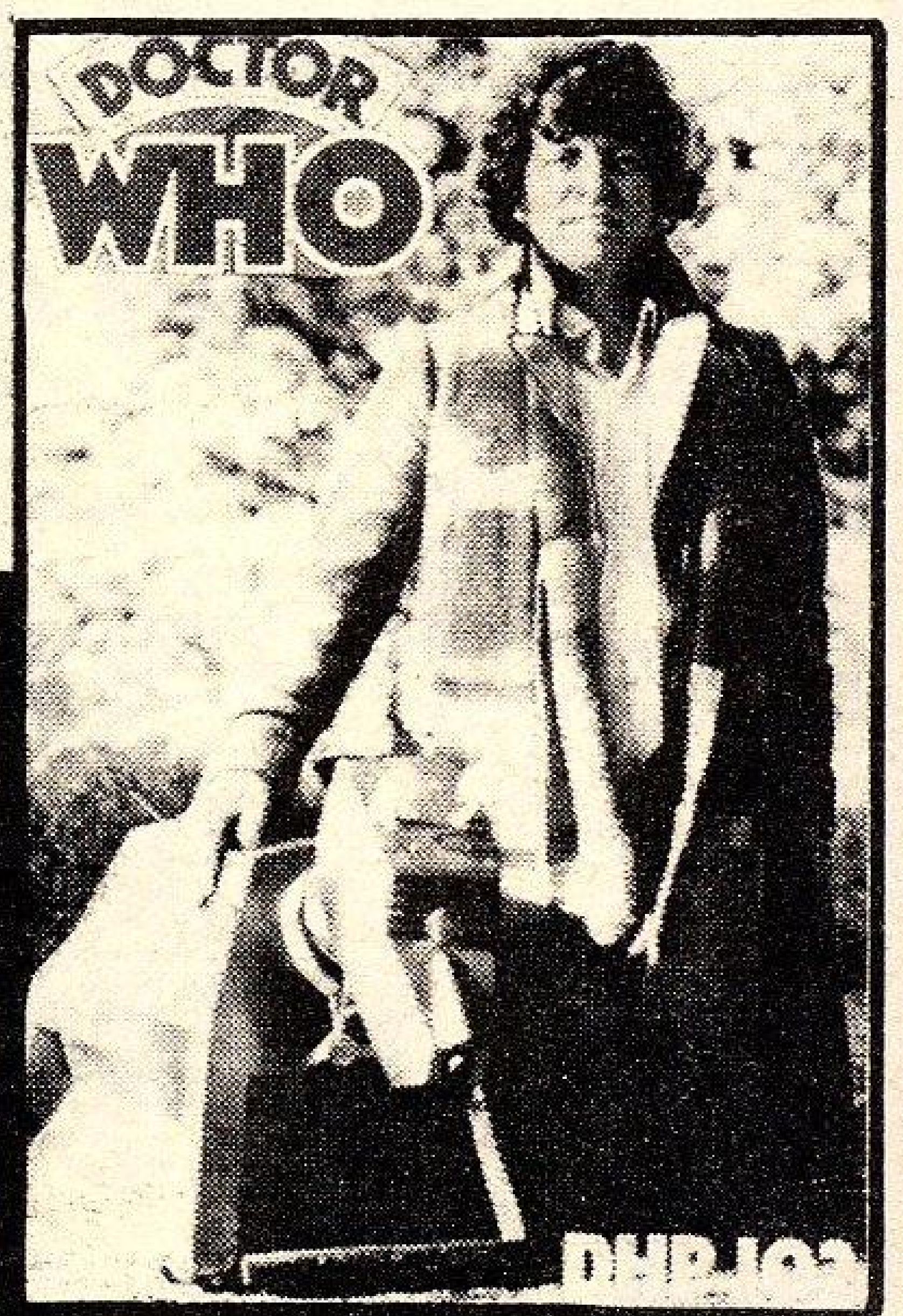

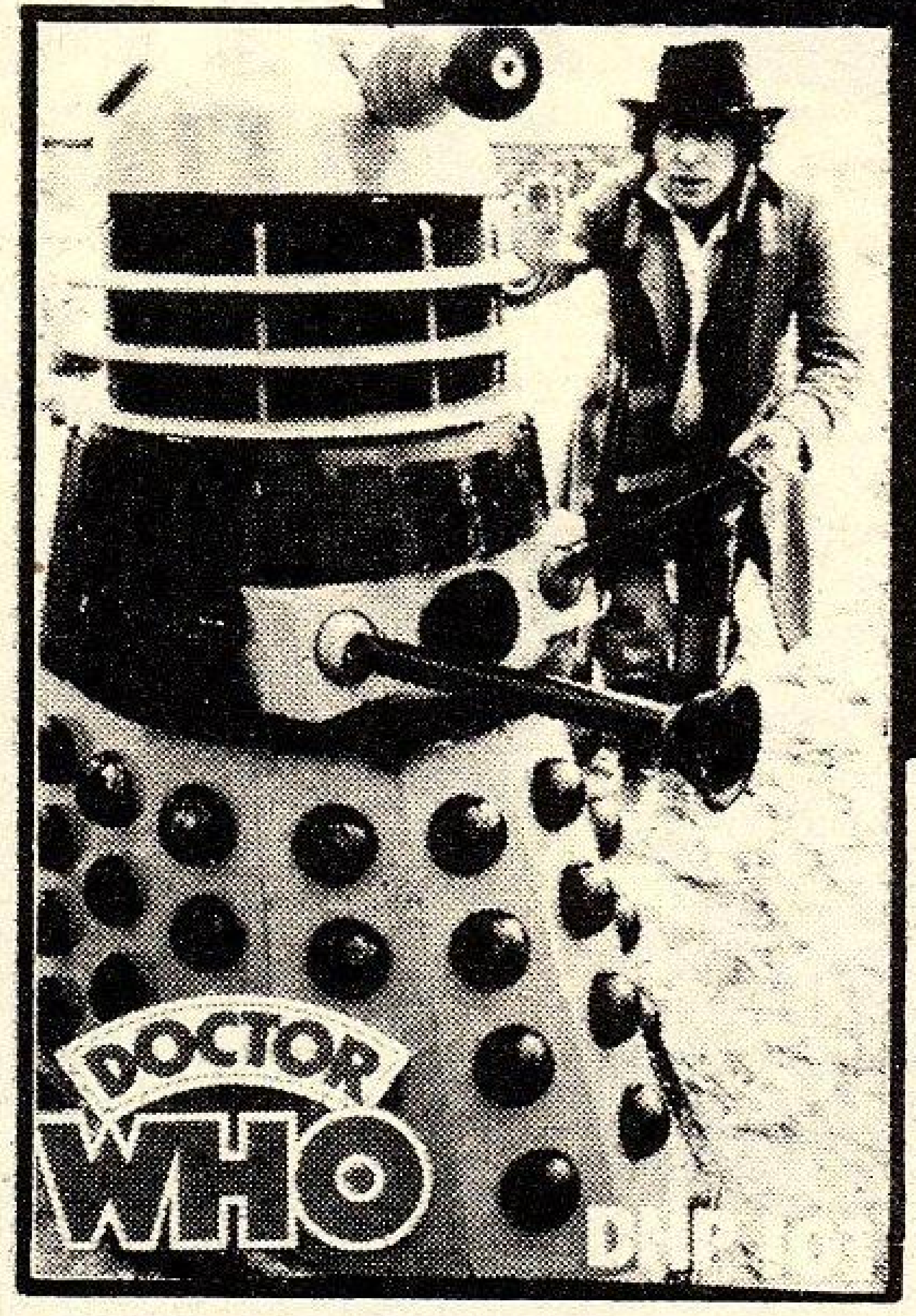

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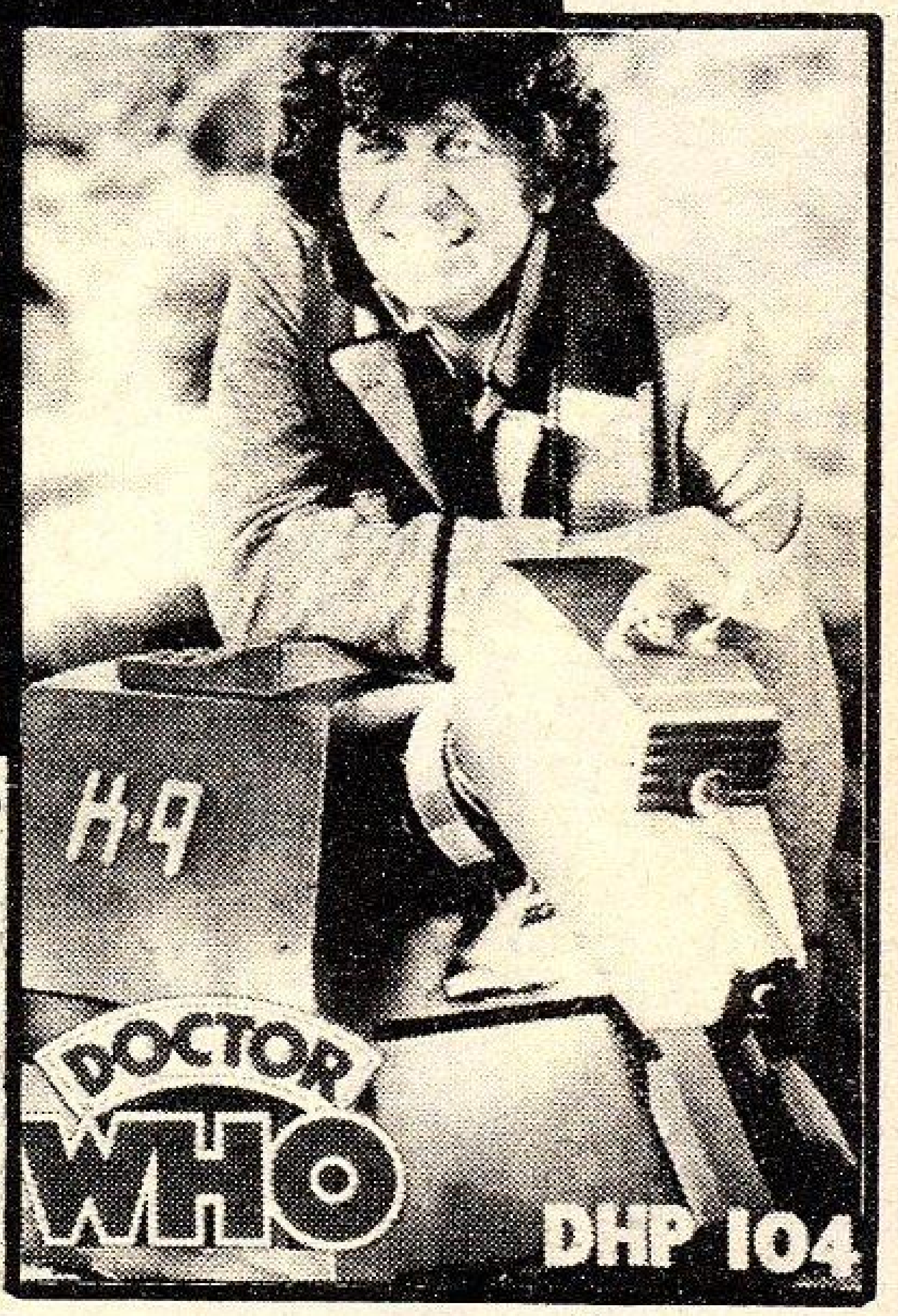

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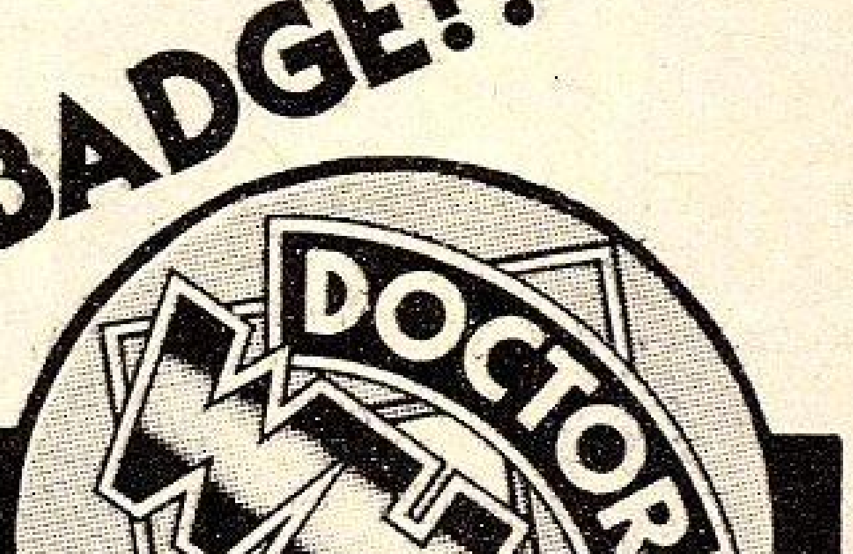

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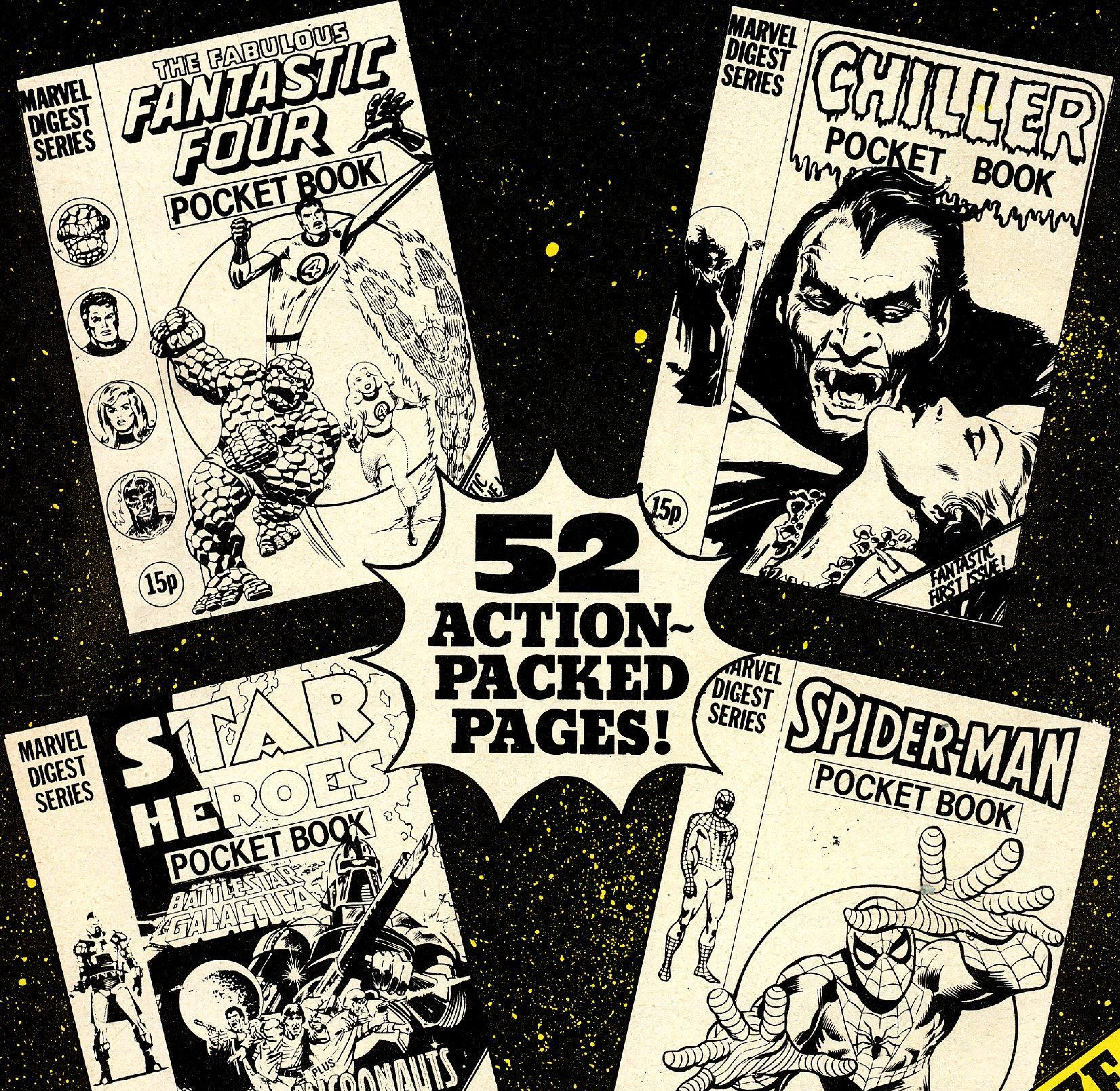
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